THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN PHILIPS.

799

CONTAINING HIS

…LENDID SHILLING,	LATIN ODE TO ST. JOHN,
…LENHEIM,	TRANSLATION OF DITTO,
…IDER,	CEREALIA,

&c. &c. &c.

PHILIPS! Pomona's bard, the fecond thou
Who nobly [illegible]ft in rhyme-unfetter'd verfe
With Britifh freedom fing the Britifh fong,
How from Silurian vats high-fparkling w[illegible]es
Foam in tranfparent floods, fome ftrong, to cheer
The wintry revels of the lab'ring hind,
And tafteful fome, to cool the fummer hours.

THOMS…

PHILIPS, by Phœbus taught,
Sings with that heat wherewith his Churchill fo…
Unfetter'd in great Milton's ftrain he writes…
Like Milton's angels whilft his hero fights…
Purfues the bard where he with honour ca…
Equals the poet and excels the man.

With other fire thy glorious Blenheim fl…
And all the battle thunders in thy lines…
Thy nervous verfe great Boileau's ftrength…
And France to PHILIPS as to Churchill b…
What fhining words the pompous Shilling…
So charm the fallies of thy Georgick Mufe…
So calm our forrows, and our joys infufe;
Here rural notes a gentle mirth infpire,
Here lofty lines the kindling reader fire;
Like that fair tree you praife the poem char…
Cool, like the fruit, or like the juice it warms.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE …
Anno 1781.

JOHN PHILIPS†.

AFTER we have read the works of a poet w... sure, and reflected upon them with improven... are naturally apt to inquire into his life, the n... of his education, and other little circumstances... give a new beauty to his writings, and let us in... genius and character of their author. To satisfy... general inclination, and to do some justice to the... mory of Mr. Philips, we shall give the world a sh... account of him and his few but excellent co... tions: sufficient they were, though few, to... but not to our wishes.

John Philips, one of those few poets w... and manners were equally amiable... Stephen Philips Archdeacon of... December 1676 at Bampton in... place his father was minister ‡.

† This life is principally copied from... lips: where that was found defective... will be found either interwove in the... ginal readings.

‡ It appears that Dr. Stephen P... ly, and that the sons had all an u... "shall," says Mr. Edmund Smith, "... "servation of his family, that there... "ordinary men in any one. I have... "of his brothers, all men of fine parts, y... "temper and genius; so that their frui... "mother of the gods, seems to have pr... "spring all of different though uncomm...

ſt rudiments of grammar, after which
Winchester ſchool, where he made him-
er of the Latin and Greek languages, and pre-
ſcovered the delicacy of his genius, his exer-
ning diſtinguiſhed above thoſe of his ſchoolfel-
y a happy imitation of the Claſſicks. The pro-
which he intended to follow was that of phyſick.
the mean-time he became the darling of the whole
e by the ſweetneſs of his temper; and while the
ſter, a rigid diſciplinarian, diſpenſed with that ſtrict
ance of thoſe rugged rules which was ſeverely
rom the reſt on account of Philip's tender
what is ſtill more ſingular the boys them-
ſo far from murmuring at this indulgence
even pleaſed with the diſtinction,
re at play he ſeldom joined with
tired them to his chamber, where
o attend him and comb his hair,
ry handſome flow. In this very
e felt an exquiſite delight, and
rs together enjoying the plea-
highest degree of ſenſibility.
chiefly that he read Milton;
fore he was well acquainted
Homer, and the frequent imi-
theſe authors in Paradiſe Loſt fall-
is own turn, he conceived an ar-
Engliſh poet, and ſome ſmall pieces

which he composed at this time shewed that he had imbibed a good share of Milton's style and manner before he left Winchester, as observed by the late Mr. Oldisworth, who was his contemporary at that school.

With this foundation of good learning in the beginning of the 1694 he was removed to Christ-church, Oxford, a college then in the highest reputation from the excellent sense and conduct of Dr. Aldrich. From his first entrance into that university he was very much esteemed for the simplicity of his manners, the agreeableness of his conversation, and the uncommon delicacy of his genius; and in that place, so famous for good sense and a true spirit, he in a short time grew to be superiour to most of his contemporaries, where to have been their equal only had been a sufficient praise. He was received with open arms into the company and acquaintance of the most distinguished wits; and as often as the statutes of the university called him to any publick exercises his performances were constantly the talk and admiration of all that heard them; and they were only heard, for he was not willing they should go any further, since how much soever they might please others yet he was not thoroughly satisfied with them himself; nor did those who knew and loved him best chuse to distress (and they found it would distress) his modesty by pushing him on that point. It was this modesty and the uncommon simplicity of his manners that more particularly endeared

him to them, and they were completely happy in the enjoyment of his conversation, in which his undisguised sincerity was continually enlivened with a kind of cheerfulness which innocence alone can give, heightened with mirth wholly raised by a genteel and delicate raillery, without ever degenerating into ridicule.

After he came to Oxford Milton's Muse became his chief delight, and the greatest part of his study for some years was employed in tracing the steps by which that author rose to perfection. There was not an allusion in Paradise Lost drawn from the thoughts or expressions of Homer or Virgil which he could not immediately refer to, and by that he perceived what a peculiar life and grace their sentiments added to English poetry, how much their images raised its spirit, and what weight and beauty their words when translated gave to its language. Nor was he less curious in observing the force and elegancy of his mother-tongue, but by the example of his darling Milton searched backwards into the works of our old English poets to furnish himself with proper, sounding, and significant expressions, and prove the due extent and compass of the language. For this purpose he carefully read over Chaucer and Spenser, and afterwards in his writings did not scruple to revive any words or phrases which he thought deserved it, with that modest liberty which Horace allows of either in the coining of new or restoring of ancient expressions.

Yet though he was a profeffed admirer of thefe authors it was not from any view of appearing in publick, for fuch was his modefty that he was the only perfon who did not think himfelf qualified for it. He read for his own pleafure, and writing was the only thing he declined wherein he was capable of pleafing others. Nor was he fo in love with poetry as to neglect any other parts of good literature which either their ufefulnefs or his own genius excited him to purfue. He was very well verfed in the whole compafs of natural philofophy, and feemed in his ftudies as well as writings to have made Virgil his pattern, and often to have broke out with him into the following rapturous wifh, as tranflated by Dryden:

> Give me the ways of wand'ring ftars to know,
> The depths of heav'n above and earth below;
> Teach me the various labours of the moon,
> And whence proceed th' eclipfes of the fun,
> Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
> And in what dark recefs they fhrink again,
> What fhakes the folid earth, what caufe delays
> The fummer nights, and fhortens winter days. *Philips.*

Mr. Philips was no lefs paffionate an admirer of Nature, and it is probable that he drew his own character in that defcription which he gives of a philofophical and retired life at the end of the firft book of his Cider:

> He to his labour hies
> Gladfome, intent on fomewhat that may eafe

Unhealthy mortals, and with curious search
Examines all the properties of herbs,
Fossils, and minerals, that th' embowell'd earth
Displays, if by his industry he can
Benefit human race.

And we have good reason to believe that much might have been attained to, many new discoveries made, by so diligent an inquirer and so faithful a recorder of physical operations. However, though death prevented our hopes in that respect, yet the admirable passages of that kind which we find in his poem on Cider may convince us of the niceness of his observations in natural causes. Besides this he was particularly skilled in all manner of antiquities, especially those of his own country, and part of this too he has with much art and beauty intermixed with his poetry.

As to his private character, he was beloved by all that knew him, and admired by those who did not; somewhat reserved and silent among strangers, but free, familiar, and easy, with his friends; the first was the effect of his modesty, the latter of his cheerful innocence; the one was the proper caution of a wise man, the other the good humour of a friend. He was averse to contentious disputes, and thought no time so ill spent, and no wit so ill used, as that which was employed in such debates. Thus he never contributed to the uneasiness of his company, but often to their instruction, always to their pleasure. As on the one hand he declined all strokes of satire, so on the other

he detested flattery as much, and would rather have been contented with the character of a dull man than that of a witty or servile one at the expense of his humanity or sincerity. This sincerity indeed was his distinguishing character, and made him as dear to all good men as his wit and learning did to all favourers of true sense and letters.

Upon all these accounts during his stay in the university he was honoured with the acquaintance of the best and politest men in it, many of whom, who now make considerable figures both in the state and in the republick of learning, would think it no disgrace to have their names mentioned as Mr. Philip's friends. And here we must not forget that particular friendship which he contracted with Mr. Edmund Smith, author of the incomparable tragedy of Phædra and Hippolitus, and who upon his decease celebrated his memory in a beautiful poem prefixed to this edition of Mr. Philips's Works, and soon after followed him to the grave. These two often communicated their thoughts to each other, and as their studies lay the same way were much to their mutual satisfaction and improvement; for as the mind takes no greater pleasure than in a free and unreserved discovery of its own notions, so it can reap no greater profit than in the correction it meets with from the judgment of a sincere friend. This we make no doubt was as pleasant as any part of Mr. Philips's life, who had a soul capable

of relifhing all the fineft enjoyments of fublime, virtuous, and elegant fpirits. How much it affected Mr. Smith he alone was able to exprefs, nor perhaps could he have done it fo fully had not the occafion of writing the above poem to his friend's memory impreffed on him a rapturous fenfibility of his own lofs:

Whom fhall I find unbiafs'd in difpute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
To whom the labours of my foul difclofe,
Reveal my pleafure or difcharge my woes?
Oh! in that heav'nly youth for ever ends
The beft of fons, of brothers, and of friends †.

It is to be deplored that two great geniufes in whofe power it was to have obliged the world fo much fhould make fo fhort a ftay in it, though had their date been longer we can hardly fay that time would have added any thing but number to their compofitions. It was their happinefs to give us all their pieces perfect in their kind, the accuracy of their judgment not fuffering them to publifh without the greateft care and correctnefs; for hafty fruits, the common product of every injudicious fancy, feldom continue long, never come to maturity, and are at beft food only for de-

† Mr. Smith being invited foon after Philips's death to dine with the Principal of Brazen-Nofe College, Dr. Robert Shippen, was there decoyed into a promife of doing juftice to his friend's memory, and was detained in a chamber in the Principal's lodge with the lock turned upon him for three days, at the end of which he produced the poem from which thefe lines are taken, prefixed complete to this volume, having himfelf not long after paid the laft debt also to Nature.

bauched and vitiated palates. These men thought and considered before they sat down to write, and after they had written so, being ever the last persons who were satisfied that they had performed well, and even then perhaps more in compliment to the opinion of others than from the conviction of their own judgment.

During our Author's stay at the university of Oxford there is one remarkable circumstance in his history omitted by Dr. Sewell and so slightly touched by his friend Mr. Smith that it seems to require a further explanation, we mean his love-affair with Mrs. Mary Meers, daughter to the then Principal of Brazen-Nose College. This lady, who had a very good share of natural sense, wanted none of those accomplishments which the advantage of a genteel education could give her. Besides the ordinary embellishments of musick and dancing her father had been at the pains of instructing her in the Latin language, and she was a complete mistress of French and italian. In her person she was an agreeable brunette, without any thing very striking except a full black piercing eye. Dr. Meers being a Herefordshire man took occasion from thence frequently to invite his countryman, a young student universally beloved and admired, to his lodge, where our Author had the ill luck to see and conceive a secret passion for the daughter, who had long practised all the airs which the sense of her high station in

that university, and her uncommon personal accomplishments, could inspire, and did not fail to treat him with her usual disdain. Thus awed he never had courage to hint his passion to her, but like another Strephon poured forth his complaints in verse:

> Maria's form as I survey
> Her smiles a thousand wounds impart, &c.
>
> *Ode to St. John.*

And again,

> ——— O ye Gods! might I
> Elect my fate my happiest choice should be
> A fair and modest virgin, &c. *Cider, B. I.*

It must be owned that Mr. Philips's constitution both of body and mind was much too delicate for his mistress's taste. His consumptive habit, by and by to be more fully noticed, rendered him little fitted for amorous conflicts. The truth is, Mrs. Maria Meers was a young lady that knew no pleasure with the young fellows like that of intriguing, and was generally believed, not without good reason, to be married clandestinely to one of the Fellows of Brazen-Nose College for many years. After her father's death she lived in a house in Holywell at Oxford, where that gentleman spent the best part of his time with her.

But it is now time that we lead our Author from his university friends to some of a higher rank, among whom he met with equal applause and admiration. The reason of his coming to Town was the persuasion

of some great persons who engaged him to write upon the battle of Blenheim. How well their expectations were answered it will be more proper to mention when we speak of his Works. It is enough at present to observe that this poem brought him into favour and esteem with the Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, two of the most eminent encouragers and patrons of letters that have appeared in our age, the one famous for his political knowledge and universal learning, the other distinguished for the different talents of a refined and polite genius and an indefatigable application to business, joined with an exquisite and successful penetration in affairs of the highest concern.

However, though he was much respected by these and other noble patrons, yet from the modest distrust he entertained of himself it was not without some pain that he enjoyed their company, and the fear of offending oftentimes made him less studious of pleasing. Such was the humble opinion he conceived of his own good qualities that it made them less conspicuous to others, as if he was ashamed that his virtues were greater; he chose rather to obscure these which he really had than to place them in that ornamental light which they deserved. This is said only with respect to his conversation with his superiours, who knowing his true worth were more pleased with his endeavours to disguise it than if he had set it off with all the ostentatious gaiety that men of much wit but little humility and good

breeding generally affect. As this decent silence did not prejudice the great against his wit, so neither did his unsolicitous easiness in his fortune at all hinder the marks of their favour and munificence. True it is that he never praised any one with a sordid view, nor ever sacrificed his sincerity to his interest, having a soul above ennobling the vicious; and as he gave his characters with the spirit of a poet he observed at the same time the fidelity of an historian. This indeed was a part which distinguished him as much from almost all other poets as his manner of writing did, he being one of those few who were equally averse to flattery and detraction. He never went out of his way for a panegyrick, or forced his invention to be subservient to his gratitude, but interwove his characters so well with the thread of his poetry, and adapted them so justly to the merit of the persons, that they all appear natural, beautiful, and of a piece with the poem. If it be reckoned difficult to praise well, for our Author not to err in such a variety is much more so, and looks like the masterly hand of a great painter, who can draw all sorts of beauties, and at the same time that he gives them their proper charms happily distinguishes them from each other. In short, to pursue the metaphor, there is nothing gaudy in his colours, nothing stiff or affected in his manner; and all the lineaments are so exact that an indifferent eye may at first view discover who sat for the picture.

From this general view of his Writings we now pass on to a particular. The first of these was The Splendid Shilling, a title as new and uncommon for a poem as his way of adorning it was, and which in the opinion of one of the best and most unprejudised judges of this age "is the finest burlesque poem in the British language *." Nor was it only the finest of that kind in our tongue, but handled in a manner quite different from what had been made use of by any author of our own or other nations, the sentiments and style being in this both new, whereas in those the jest lies more in allusions to the thoughts and fables of the Ancients than in the pomp of the expression. The same humour is carried through the whole, and not unnaturally diversified, as most poems of that nature have been before. Out of that variety of circumstances which his fruitful invention must suggest to him on such a subject he has not chosen any but what are diverting to every reader, and some that none but his inimitable dress could have made diverting to any. When we read it we are betrayed into a pleasure that we could not expect, though at the same time the sublimity of the style and gravity of the phrase seem to chastise that laughter which they provoke.

> In her best light the Comick Muse appears
> When she with borrow'd pride the buskin wears †.

* See The Tatler, No. 250.
† See Mr. Smith's poem, prefixed to this volume.

This was the firſt piece that made him known to the world, and tho' printed from an incorrect copy gained him univerſal applauſe, and (as every thing new in its kind does) ſet many imitators to work; yet none ever came up to the humour and happy turn of the original. A genuine edition of it came out ſome years after, for he was not ſo ſolicitous for praiſe as to haſten even that, which by the earneſt he received from the publick he might modeſtly aſſure himſelf would be a procurer of it. We muſt not omit to take notice that as the cuſtom of ſmoking tobacco was highly in vogue when Mr. Philips was at the univerſity, from the example of the celebrated Dr. Aldrich *, ſo he fell in with the general taſte, which recommended itſelf the rather to him as he felt ſome relief from it: he has deſcended to ſing its praiſes in more than one place, and his Splendid Shilling owes ſome part of its luſtre to the happy introduction of a tobaccopipe †.

* Dr. Aldrich's inceſſant uſe of tobacco was an entertaining topick of diſcourſe in the univerſity many years afterwards, concerning which take the following ſtory. A young ſtudent of the College once finding ſome difficulty to bring his chum into the belief of it, laid him a wager that the Dean was ſmoking at that inſtant, *viz.* about ten o'clock in the morning. Away therefore he hies to the Deanery, where being admitted to the Dean in his ſtudy he preſently relates the occaſion of his viſit. To which "You ſee," replies the Dean in perfect good humour, "you have loſt your wager, for I am not ſmo-" king but filling my pipe."

† There is not a piece of his except Blenheim (which was a ſubject not of his own chuſing) where he has not introduced

The next poem of his was that entitled Blenheim, wherein he shews that he could use the same sublime

tobacco. In his Ode to Mr. St. John (see the translation) he makes the gift of it the first and last subjects of his gratitude to his benefactor;

O thou, from India's fruitful soil,
That dost that sov'reign herb prepare
In whose rich fumes I lose the toil
Of life and ev'ry anxious care,
While from the fragrant lighted bole
I suck new life into my soul.

And he concludes in expressing the miserable state to which his mistress cruelly had reduced him, thus:

Altho' my anxious breast despair,
And sighing hopes no kind return,
Yet for the lov'd relentless fair
By night I wake by day I burn,
Nor can thy gifts * soft sleep supply,
Or sooth my pains or close my eye.

In his Cider, book I. we find these lines:

---------To her † we owe
The Indian weed unknown to ancient times,
Nature's choice gift, whose acrimonious fume
Extracts superfluous juices, and refines
The blood distemper'd from its noxious salts;
Friend to the spirits, which with vapours bland
It gently mitigates; companion fit
Of pleasantry and wine; nor to the bards
Unfriendly when they to the vocal shell
Warble melodious their well-labour'd songs.

In The Splendid Shilling the happiness of a full or empty purse is exhibited by a clean or dirty pipe of good or bad tobacco. Thus of the first he sings;

Mean-while he smokes, and laughs at merry tale
Or pun ambiguous or conundrum quaint.

* That is, wine and tobacco, both expressly mentioned in the original Latin.

† Experience.

and nervous ſtyle as properly on a ſerious and heroick ſubject as he had before done on one of a more light

The contraſt of which follows thus;

-------Or from tube as black
As winter chimney or wellpoliſh'd jet
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming ſcent:
No blacker tube nor of a ſhorter ſize
Smokes Cambro-Briton--------

Many fine things have been ſaid of The Splendid Shilling. The preceding remarks of Dr. Sewell are very juſt, obſerved with acuteneſs, and expreſſed with an eaſy delicacy, agreeably to the character of the writer, who it is more than probable choſe to refer us to Mr. Smith for a more particular account of the humour of this exquiſite performance, diſplayed in the following lines:

Oh various Bard! you all our pow'rs control,
You now diſturb and now divert the ſoul;
Milton and Butler in thy Muſe combine;
Above the laſt thy manly beauties ſhine;
For as I 'ave ſeen when rival wits contend
One gayly charge, one gravely wiſe defend,
This on quick turns and points in vain relies,
That with a look demure and ſteady eyes
With dry rebukes or ſneering praiſe replies;
So thy grave lines extort a juſter ſmile,
Reach Butler's fancy, but ſurpaſs his ſtyle:
He ſpeaks Scarron's low phraſe in humble ſtrains,
In thee the ſolemn air of grave Cervantes reigns.
What ſounding lines his abject themes expreſs!
What ſhining words the pompous Shilling dreſs!
There, there my cell immortal made, outvies
The frailer piles which o'er its ruins riſe.
In her beſt light the Comick Muſe appears
When ſhe with borrow'd pride the buſkin wears.
So when Nurſe Nokes to act young Ammon tries,
With ſhambling legs, long chin, and fooliſh eyes,
With dangling hands he ſtrokes th' imperial robe,
And with a cuckold's air commands the globe,
The pomp and ſound the whole buffoon diſplay'd,
And Ammon's ſon more mirth than Gomez made.

I cannot forbear thinking, ſays one of the writers of the Biographia, that Mr. Smith, in the words "There, there my

and ludicrous nature. In the 1704 the Duke of Marlborough having gained that much famed victory which filled the world with his praises, the Earls of Godolphin and Halifax had eagerly set Mr. Addison's pen to work upon the occasion, and fired him with the assured hopes of a very extraordinary reward. On the other side Harley and St. John, afterwards Earl of Oxford and Viscount Bolingbroke, pitched upon our Author as perfectly capable of doing justice to his country on this subject. Mr. Philips would willingly have declined this undertaking, had not the powerful in-

"cell immortal made," &c. meant to point out the true subject of The Splendid Shilling. Mr. Smith's foible was, in Dr. Swift's phrase, the want of "looking upon a Shilling as a serious thing;" and his friend knew him to be, as he really was, a little tender upon that point. The many embarrassments he met with must needs make him sensible of his own weakness; but the best meant advice, conveyed in any direct terms whatever, to a man of his turn and talents, would be resented as an insult upon his good sense and understanding. The raillery then of The Splendid Shilling in this light becomes exquisite, and complete as it is in all other respects I think its whole merit is taken in only by this view. It is true without this advantage the humour forces a smile from the gravest face, but the sincerity of the friendship irresistibly takes full possession of the heart.

Dr. Johnson, in his life of Philips, acknowledges that The Splendid Shilling has the uncommon merit of an original design, but says that the merit of such performances begins and ends with the first author. He adds, "He that should again adapt Milton's phrase to the gross incidents of common life—"must yet expect but a small part of the praise which Philips "has obtained, he can only hope to be considered as the re-"peater of a jest."

citements of his friends prevailed upon him to give up his modesty to their judgment. The exordium of this piece (published in 1705) is a just allusion to the beginning of the Æneid and that of Spenser's Fairy Queen:

> From low and abject themes the grov'ling Muse
> Now mounts aerial, to sing of arms
> Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts
> Of Britain's hero.

The spirit is kept on to the end, the whole being full of noble sentiments and majestick numbers, equal to the hero whom it extols, and not admitting of any rival (except Mr. Addison's poem The Campaign on the same occasion *. I cannot forbear mentioning one beautiful imitation of Virgil in his digression upon the poetical Elysium, where the famous *Tu Marcellus eris* is so happily translated and applied that it shews the spirit of Virgil better than all the labours of his commentators: there, speaking of the late Marquis of Blandford, he says,

> Thou, had thy presiding star propitious shone,
> Shouldst Churchill be!

The addresses to his patrons are very fine and artificial, the first just and proper, and the latter of English Memmius exactly apposite to him, to whom all the polite part of mankind agree in applying that of the Roman;

> Quem tu dea tempore in omni
> Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.

* It must be admitted that there are some exquisite touches in both poems, Addison's Campaign and Philips's Blenheim;

As to the poem on Cider, finiſhed in 1706, the foundation of that work was laid and the firſt book

whether the taſk was really too great, or the performers not well choſen, in reſpect to their particular genius for the ſubject, it is generally agreed that both pieces are far from being the beſt in the works of either poet. With regard to Blenheim, the author of the criticiſm in the Tatler, No. 43. has diſplayed its faults with no unſparing hand. It has been mentioned above at whoſe requeſt it was wrote, and that the Author would willingly have declined the undertaking. This fact he has told us himſelf; the poem concludes with a confeſſion of his unfitneſs for the taſk, which he has uſed as an argument to diſplay the ſuperiour abilities of the impoſer, his friend and patron, for ſuch an undertaking. Beſides the charms of the poetry there is an elegant ſincerity in the addreſs which leaves the reader in ſuch a pleaſant ſtate of mind that he even forgets as well as forgives all the preceding defects of the piece:

Thus from the noiſy crowd exempt, with eaſe
And plenty bleſt, amid the mazy groves
(Sweet ſolitude!) where warbling birds provoke
The ſilent Muſe, delicious rural ſeat
Of St. John, Engliſh Memmius, I preſum'd
To ſing Britannick trophies, inexpert
Of war, with mean attempt, while he intent
(So Anna's will ordains) to expedite
His military charge * no leiſure finds
To ſtring his charming ſhell; but when return'd
Conſummate Peace ſhall rear her cheerful head,
Then ſhall his Churchill in ſublimer verſe
For ever triumph; lateſt times ſhall learn
From ſuch a chief to fight and bard to ſing †.

In the following two lines,

———Straight the airy phantoms fleet
With headlong haſte, and dread a new purſuit,

* He was then Secretary of War.

† This part of Lord Bolingbroke's character was never diſputed; and in the reſt it muſt be obſerved, that when theſe lines were wrote his lordſhip had not lived the latter part of his life.

composed at Oxford, the second for the most part i Town. He determined to the choice of that subje by the violent passion he had to do some honour to h native country, and has therefore exerted all th powers of genius and art to make it complete. It founded upon the model of Virgil's Georgicks, a comes the nearest of any other to that admirable poem which the criticks prefer to the divine Æneid. Y though it is easy to discern who was his guide in th difficult way, we may observe that he comes after ther like a pursuer than a follower, not tracing h step after step, but chusing those paths in which might easiest overtake him. All his imitations are from being servile, though sometimes very close;

there is an allusion to a piece of history which has been ov looked by all the criticks. It is now long since it has been secret that how well soever the officers of the French ar kept up their own spirits, yet from this time it was not, as t afterwards confessed, in their power during that war, by means whatever, to make their common men stand before English army with the Duke of Marlborough at their he How greatly this happy effect of that general's success in battle of Blenheim is raised by our Author's representation o in this passage needs no comment to explain it.

Gildon styles Blenheim the only tolerable production of author; which censure Dr. Johnson with much justice p nounces too dogmatical and violent. "The poem of Blenhei continues the Doctor, "was never denied to be tolerable, e "by those who do not allow it supreme excellence. It is ind "the poem of a scholar *all inexpert of war*, of a man who wr "books from books, and studies the world in a college."

other times he brings in a new variety, and entertains us with scenes more unexpected and pleasing perhaps than his master's themselves were to those who first saw that work. The conduct and management are superiour to all other copiers of that original, and even the admired Rapin is much below him both in design and success, for the Frenchman either fills his gardens with the idle fables of Antiquity or new transformations of his own, and has in contradiction to his own rules of criticism injudiciously blended the serious and sublime style of Virgil with the elegant turns of Ovid in his Metamorphoses. Nor has the great genius of Mr. Cowley succeeded better in his books of Plants, who besides the same faults with the former is continually varying his numbers from one sort of verse to another, and alluding to remote hints of medicinal writers, which though allowed to be useful, are yet so numerous that they flatten the dignity of the verse, and sink it from a poem to a treatise of physick. It is not out of envy to the merit of these great men (and who will ever be such in spite of envy) that we take notice of these mistakes, but only to shew the judgment of him who followed them in avoiding to commit the same. Whatever scenes he present us with appear delicate and charming; the philosophical speeches surprise, the moral instruct, and the gay descriptions transport, the reader. Sometimes he opens the bowels of the earth, at others he paints its surface;

sometimes he dwells upon its lower products and fruits, at others mounts to its higher and more stately plantations, and then beautifies it with the innocent pleasures of its inhabitants: here we are taught the nature and variety of soils, there the difference of vegetables, the sports of a rural, the retirement of a contemplative, life; the working genius of the husbandman, the industry of the mechanick, contribute as much to diversity as the due praises of exalted patriots, heroes, and statesmen, to raise and ennoble the poetry. The change of seasons and their distinctions introduced by the rising and setting of the stars, the effects of heat, cold, showers, and tempests, are in their several places very ornamental, and their descriptions inferiour only to those of Virgil.

It would be difficult as well as useless to give particular instances of his imitations of the last mentioned poet: men of taste and learning will themselves observe them with pleasure, and it would be to no purpose to quote them to the illiterate: to the one it would be a sort of an affront, to the other but an insipid entertainment. Milton, we are informed, could repeat the best part of Homer, and the person of whom we write could do the same of Virgil, and by continually reading him fortunately equalled the variety of his numbers. This alone ought to be a sufficient answer to those who wish this poem had been wrote in rhyme, since then it must have lost half

beauties, it being impossible but that the same undistinguishable tenour of versification and returns of close should make it very unharmonious to a judicious and musical ear. The best judges of our nation have given their opinions against rhyme; even they who used it with the greatest admiration and success could not forbear condemning the practice. I am not ignorant to what a height some modern writers have carried this art, and adapted it to express the most sublime ideas; yet this has been in much shorter poems than the present; and I doubt not but the same persons would have rejected it were they to write upon the same occasion. I shall not enter so far into the dispute concerning the preference of these different manners of writing as to state and answer the objections on each side. It is true Mr. Dryden thought that Milton's choice of blank verse proceeded from his inability to rhyme well; and as good a reason might be given for his own choice, it being certain he had the perfect art and mystery of one, and could have been but second in the other*.

* In studying poetry Mr. Philips was wholly attentive to whatever helped to preserve or raise its dignity, and by continually conversing with Milton and the Ancients his ear became habituated to the harmony of their numbers. Besides, as he saw the art was removed from its proper standard, so he thought it had lost much of its true worth in English by the gingle of rhyme, which consequently was better avoided. How much soever Mr. Philips was struck with the majesty, fire, and force,

However, we leave this queftion to be decided b
thofe whofe ftudies and defigns to excel in poetry ma

of Milton's Mufe, yet he had no fhare in the heat and paffi
of that author's temper. In this he feemed entirely to be form
ed in Virgil's mould; whom he much loved and admired.

In the Infcription to Philips in Weftminfter Abbey, fubjoi
to this life, whether written by Dr. Atterbury or Dr. Frei
the author has fet forth his happy emulation of Milton's num
bers without rhyme very particularly and no lefs elegantly, b
yet very far fhort of what the following paffage from the d
ciple himfelf exhibits, at the conclufion of the firft book of
Cider, wherein he has tranfmitted his own name in comp
with that of his mafter to the lateft pofterity. After giving
the two great fathers of ancient poefy, Homer and Virgil, ea
his juft praife, he proceeds thus:

————————And had that other bard,
Oh! had but he that firft ennobled fong
With holy rapture like his Abdiel been,
'Mong many faithlefs ftrictly faithful found,
Unpity'd he fhould not have wail'd his orbs,
That roll'd in vain to find the piercing ray,
And found no dawn, by dim fuffufion veil'd.
But he——However let the Mufe abftain,
Nor blaft his fame from whom fhe learnt to fing
In much inferiour ftrains, grov'lling beneath
Th' Olympian hill, on plains and vales intent,
Mean follower! There let her reft a while,
Pleas'd with the fragrant walks and cool retreat, &c.

These unparalleled lines fhew, in the cleareft and trueft lig
not only the genius and turn of Mr. Philips's Mufe happ
united to that of his mafter, but likewife the turn and temper
his mind, as before obferved, happily varying from him. Wi
out entering into the comparifon, which his own example f
bids, we fhall only obferve, and it is an obfervation no lefs tr
than trite, that in writing upon any fubject whatfoever
author, be his fuccefs what it will in executing his defign,
never fails to write his own character without defign, wh
for that reafon too is certainly the true one, natural and un

oblige them to a more exact inquiry. For my part, I think it no more a difreputation to Mr. Philips that he did not write in rhyme than it is to Virgil that he has not compofed odes or elegies. The bent of our genius is what we ought to purfue, and if we anfwer our defigns in that it is fufficient. The critick would make a man laugh to hear him gravely difputing, from little hints of thofe authors, whether Virgil could not have wrote better fatires, or Horace a good epick poem?

But to return from this digreffion to my defign. I would not have it thought that I prefume to make a criticifm upon the works of our Author or thofe of others: thefe are only the fentiments of one who is indifferent how they are received if they have the good fortune not to prejudice his memory for whofe fake they were written. I fhall add but one remark more upon this fubject, which is, the great difficulty of making our Englifh names of plants, foils, animals, and inftruments, fhine in verfe: there are hardly any of thofe which in the Latin tongue are not in themfelves beautiful and expreffive, and very few in our own which do not rather debafe than exalt the ftyle; and yet I know not by what art in the poet thefe

guifed; accordingly in this paffage we fee that modefty, candour, and fimplicity of mind and manners, that natural goodnefs, that unaffected piety, that univerfal charity, and that fteady adherence to his principle, which diftinguifhed Mr. Philips's life.

words, though in themselves mean and low, seem not to sink the dignity of his style, but become their places as well as those of a better and more harmonious sound.

I cannot leave the Cider without taking notice that the two books are addressed to two gentlemen of whom it is enough to say that they were Mr. Philips's friends and favourers, and whose characters without the help of a weaker hand will be transmitted to posterity. Nor must we omit that signal honour which this piece received after his decease in being translated into Italian by a nobleman of Florence, an honour which the great Boileau was proud his Art of Poetry obtained in a language of much delicacy and politeness*. It may be some pleasure to observe the turn which Mr. Smith gives this passage in the following verses†:

> See mighty Cosmo's counsellor and friend
> By turns on Cosmo and the bard attend;
> Rich in the coins and busts of ancient Rome
> In him he brings a nobler treasure home;
> In them he views her gods and domes design'd,
> In him the soul of Rome and Virgil's mighty mind;
> To him for ease retires from toils of state,
> Not half so proud to govern as translate.

* Monf. Boileau's Art of Poetry was translated into Portuguese by the Count de Ericeyra.

† See Smith's poem to the Memory of Philips, prefixed to this volume.

"To the poem on Cider," says Dr. Johnson, "may be given "this peculiar praise, that it is grounded on truth, that the "precepts which it contains are exact and just, and that it is "therefore at once a book of entertainment and of science."

The Latin Ode inscribed to the Hon. Henry St. John, Esq. late Lord Bolingbroke, is certainly a masterpiece; the style is pure and elegant, the subject of a mixed nature, resembling the sublime spirit and gay facetious humour of Horace. From this we may form a judgment that his writings in that language were not inferiour to those he has left us in our own; and as Horace was one of his darling authors, we need not question his ability to excel in his way as well as that of the admired Virgil †.

By all the inquiry I could make I have not found that he ever wrote any thing more than what we have mentioned; nor indeed if there are any am I very solicitous about them, being convinced that these are all which he finished, and it would be an injury to his ashes to print any imperfect sketches which he never designed for the publick ‡. It might perhaps

† While Mr. Philips was in Town he resided at Mr. St. John's house, and has celebrated the kindness and generosity of his host in the Latin ode here mentioned, which is all of his that we have left of this kind. Dr. Johnson tells us that this ode was written to his patron St. John in return for a present of wine and tobacco. He adds, " it is gay and elegant, and ex-" hibits several artful accommodations of classick expressions " to new purposes."

‡ The additional pieces to be found in this volume, over and above those here mentioned by Dr. Sewell, have been published since the Doctor's edition of Philips's Poems with his life, and are to be found in the Collections by Woty and Nichols, from which they have been transplanted into this edition of Philips's Works.

please some to see the first essays of a great genius; but considering how apt we are to impose upon ourselves and others in matters of that kind it is unfair to hazard the reputation of the writer for the fancy of the reader. It is a silly vanity that some men have delighted in of informing the world how young they were when they composed some particular pieces. If they were not good it is no matter at what age they were wrote, and if they are, it is a great chance if they proceed if they do not write beneath themselves.

We have almost as little to say in respect of our Author's further designs, only that we are assured by his friends that he intended to write a poem upon the Resurrection and the Day of Judgment, in which it is probable he would not only have exceeded all other but even his own performances. That subject indeed was only proper to be treated of in that solemn style which he makes use of, and by one whose just notions of religion and true spirit of poetry could have carried his reader without a wild enthusiasm

——— extra flammantia mœnia mundi. *Lucret.*

Milton has given a few fine touches upon the same subject, but still there remains an inexhaustible store of materials to be drawn from the Prophets, the Psalmist, and the other inspired writers, which in his poetical dress might, without the false boasting of old poets, have endured to the day that it described.

The meaneſt ſoul and the loweſt imagination cannot think of that time, and the deſcriptions we meet with of it in Holy Writ, without the greateſt emotion and the deepeſt impreſſion: what then might we not expect from the believing heart of a good man, and the regulated flights and raptures of a Chriſtian poet? His friend Mr. Smith ſeems to be of the ſame opinion, and as he was a better judge of the ſcheme which he had laid down, and probably had ſeen the firſt rudiments of his deſign, we ſhall finiſh this head with his verſes on that occaſion:

Oh! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his days,
The tow'ring bard had ſung in nobler lays,
How the laſt trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
How ſaints aloft the croſs triumphant ſpread,
How op'ning heav'ns their happy regions ſhow,
And yawning gulfs with flaming vengeance glow,
And ſaints rejoice above and ſinners howl below.
Well might he ſing the day he could not fear,
And paint the glories he was ſure to wear.

Thoſe who have had either any knowledge of his perſon or reliſh of his compoſitions will eaſily agree in the judgment here given, as the generality of men of ſenſe and learning have already done in reſpect of thoſe which he lived to publiſh. For my part I never heard but of one † who took it in his head to cenſure his Writings, and it is no great compliment to his judgment that he has the honour to ſtand alone in

† Sir Richard Blackmore.

that reflection. It were eaſy to retort upon him, were it not ungenerous to blaſt the fruits of his latter ſpring* by comparing them with the crudities of the firſt. That ſatire upon our Author has, with its other brethren, been dead long ſince; and I believe the world would have quite forgot that ever it had any being had not Mr. Smith taken care to inform us of it in a work of a more durable nature, his Poem to the Memory of Mr. Philips, in which we find the following lines:

A haughty bard, to fame by volumes raiſ'd,
At Dick's and Batson's and thro' Smithfield prais'd,
Cries out aloud—"Bold Oxford bard! forbear
"With rugged numbers to torment my ear."
Yet not like thee the heavy critick ſoars,
But paints in fuſtian or in turn deplores,
With Bunyan's ſtyle profanes heroick ſongs,
To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs,
For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels ſtrain,
And in low phraſe dull Lucifer complain;
His envious Muſe, by native dulneſs curſt,
Damns the beſt poems and contrives the worſt.
Beyond his praiſe or blame thy Works prevail,
Complete where Dryden and thy Milton fail;
Great Milton's wing on lower themes ſubſides,
And Dryden oft' in rhyme his weakneſs hides,
You ne'er with jingling words deceive the ear,
And yet on humble ſubjects great appear.
Thrice happy Youth! whom noble Iſis crowns,
Whom Blackmore cenſures and Godolphin owns †.

* Creation, a poem.—There was alſo a very ſilly anonymous piece wrote againſt Mr. Philips's Cider called *Milton's Sublimity aſſerted, &c.*; but it died in the birth, or might be rather ſaid to be ſtill-born, 1709.

† Lord Treaſurer Godolphin made our Author a preſent for his poem on Blenheim.

However, though there is this one unjust exception to his writings there is none to his life, which was distinguished by a natural goodness, a well-grounded and unaffected piety, an universal charity, and a steady adherence to his principles. No one observed the natural and civil duties of life with a stricter regard, whether those of a son, a friend, or a member of society; and he had the happiness to fill every one of these parts without even the suspicion either of undutifulness, insincerity, or disrespect. Thus he continued to the last, not owing his virtues to the happiness of his constitution, but the frame of his mind; insomuch that during a long and lingering sickness, which is apt to ruffle the smoothest temper, he never betrayed any discontent or uneasiness; the integrity of his heart still preserved the cheerfulness of his spirits; and if his friends had measured their hopes of his life only by his unconcernedness in his sickness, they could not but conclude that either his date would be much longer, or that he was at all times prepared for death.

Mr. Philips's distemper increasing obliged him to drop every literary pursuit, and indeed all views whatever, besides that of his health. He had been long troubled with a lingering consumption, attended with an asthma, and had suffered many severe conflicts under it, without betraying any discontent or uneasiness, the singular goodness of his nature enga-

ging his friends in the tenderest and most endearing offices to him on these occasions †. By the advice of his physicians he went to Bath the summer before his death. Here the ablest of the faculty (by whom he was generally beloved) readily gave him their best assistance, and some present ease they did procure him, upon which he left the place, though with small hopes of recovery. Upon his removal from Bath he went to Hereford, where his mother was still living, and where the asthma, returning in the winter, put a period to

† The particular kindness shewn to him by Sir. Trevor our Author has himself gratefully celebrated in the first book of his Cider, in such lays as may well be esteemed a just recompense for it:

———O thou! from whom
Both rich and low seek aid, &c.

And lest this should not be a sufficient tribute of his gratitude, his friend Mr. Smith, who best knew his whole soul, has addressed his poem to the Memory of Philips to the same gentleman, where he takes occasion to transmit this act of friendship to posterity in the following lines:

Your care had long his fleeting life restrain'd;
One table fed you, and one bed contain'd:
For his dear sake long restless nights you bore,
While rattling coughs his heaving vessels tore;
Much was his pain, but your affliction more.
Oh! had no summons from the noisy gown
Call'd thee unwilling to the nauseous Town
Thy love had o'er the dull disease prevail'd;
Thy mirth had cur'd where baffled Physick fail'd:
But since the will of Heav'n his fate decreed
To thy kind care my worthless lines succeed;
Fruitless our hopes tho' pious our essays,
Your's to preserve a friend and mine to praise.

his life February 15th 1708, at the beginning of his thirty-third year. He was buried in the cathedral church of Hereford by his mother, who in testimony of her grief and affection caused the following inscription to be put upon his gravestone:

JOHANNIS PHILIPS

Obiit 15 die Feb. Anno { Dom. 1708.
Ætat. suæ 32.

Cujus
Ossas si requiras, hanc urnam inspice,
Si ingenium nescias, ipsius opera consule,
Si tumulum desideras, templum adi Westmonasteriense.
Qualis quantusque vir fuerit,
Dicat elegans illa et præclara;
Quæ cenotaphium ibi decorat
Inscriptio.
Quam interim erga cognatos pius et officiosus,
Testetur hoc saxum
A *Maria Philips* matre ipsius pientissima,
Dilecti filii memoriæ non sine lacrymis dicatum.

Besides this a monument was erected to his memory in the place called Poet's Corner in Westminster-Abbey by Sir Simon afterwards Lord Harcourt, and Lord Chancellor of England: it stands between

those of Chaucer and Drayton. The inscription at Westminster was written by Dr. Atterbury, though commonly given to Dr. Freind. It has this singular merit, that we find in it a very great and at the same time a very just character expressed without flattery. It runs thus:

Herefordiæ conduntur ossa,
Hoc in delubro statuitur imago,
Britanniam omnem pervagatur fama
JOHANNIS PHILIPS:
Qui viris bonis doctisque juxta charus,
Immortale suum ingenium,
Eruditione multiplici excultum,
Miro animi candore,
Eximia morum simplicitate,
Honestavit.
Literarum amœniorum sitim,
Quam Wintoniæ puer sentire cœperat,
Inter Ædis Christi alumnos jugiter explevit,
In illo Musarum domicilio
Præclaris æmulorum studiis excitatus,
Optimis scribendi magistris semper intentus,
Carmina sermone patrio composuit
A Græcis Latinisque fontibus feliciter deducta,
Atticis Romanisque auribus omnino digna,
Versuum quippe harmoniam

Rythmo didicerat.
Antiquo illo, libero, multiformi,
Ad res ipsas aptoprorsus, et attemperato,
Non numeris in eundem fere orbem redeuntibus
Non clausularum similiter cadentium sono
Metiri;
Uni in hoc laudis genere, Miltono secundus,
Primoque pœne par.
Res seu tenues, seu grandes, seu mediocres
Ornandas sumpserat,
Nusquam, non quod decuit,
Et videt, et assecutus est,
Egregius, quocunque stylum verteret,
Fandi auctor, et modorum artifex.
Fas sit huic,
Auso licet a tua metrorum lege discedere
O poesis Anglicanæ pater, atque conditor Chaucere,
Alterum tibi latus claudere,
Vatum certe cineres, tuos undique stipantium
Non dedicebit chorum.
Simon Harcourt Miles,
Viri bene de se, deque literis meriti
Quod viveret, fautor,
Post obitum pie memor,
Hoc illi saxum poni voluit,

J. PHILIPS, Stephani, S. T. P. Archidiaconi Salop, filius, natus est Bamptoniæ in agro Oxon. Dec. 30. 1676.

Obiit Herefordiæ, Feb. 15. 1708.

A Poem to the Memory of

MR. JOHN PHILIPS.

INSCRIBED TO THE HON. MR. TREVOR.

BY MR. EDMUND SMITH.

SIR,

Since our Iſis ſilently deplores
The bard who ſpread her fame to diſtant ſhores,
Since nobler pens their mournful lays ſuſpend,
My honeſt zeal if not my verſe commend;
Forgive the poet and approve the friend.
 Your care had long his fleeting life reſtrain'd;
One table fed you and one bed contain'd:
For his dear ſake long reſtleſs nights you bore,
While rattling coughs his heaving veſſels tore;
Much was his pain, but your affliction more.
Oh! had no ſummons from the noiſy gown
Call'd thee unwilling to the nauſeous Town
Thy love had o'er the dull diſeaſe prevail'd;
Thy mirth had cur'd where baffled Phyſick fail'd:
But ſince the will of Heav'n his fate decreed
To thy kind care my worthleſs lines ſucceed;
Fruitleſs our hopes tho' pious our eſſays,
Your's to preſerve a friend and mine to praiſe.
 Oh might I paint him in Miltonian verſe
With ſtrains like thoſe he ſung on Glo'ſter's herſe!

PAGE NO- XLII, XLIII MISSING IN ORIGINAL

Our Spenſer, firſt by Piſan poets taught,
To us their tales, their ſtyle, and numbers, brought.
To follow ours now Tuſcan bards deſcend,
From Philips borrow tho' to Spenſer lend;
Like Philips too the yoke of rhyme diſdain;
They firſt on Engliſh bards impos'd the chain,
Firſt by an Engliſh bard from rhyme their freedom gain.
Tyrannick rhyme! that cramps to equal chime
The gay, the ſoft, the florid, and ſublime.
Some ſay this chain the doubtful ſenſe decides,
Confines the fancy and the judgment guides:
I'm ſure in needleſs bonds it poets ties,
Procruſtes like the axe or wheel applies
To lop the mangled ſenſe or ſtretch it into ſize:
At beſt a crutch that lifts the weak along,
Supports the feeble but retards the ſtrong,
And the chance thoughts when govern'd by the cloſe
Oft' riſe to fuſtian or deſcend to proſe.
Your judgment Philips! rul'd with ſteady ſway,
You us'd no curbing rhyme the Muſe to ſtay,
To ſtop her fury or direct her way;
Thee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigour bore
To wanton freely or ſecurely ſoar.
So the ſtretch'd cord the ſhackled dancer tries,
As prone to fall as impotent to riſe;
When freed he moves the ſturdy cable bends,
He mounts with pleaſure and ſecure deſcends.

Now dropping ſeems to ſtrike the diſtant ground,
Now high in air his quiv'ring feet rebound.
Rail on ye Triflers! who to Will's repair
For new lampoons, freſh cant, or modiſh air;
Rail on at Milton's ſon, who wiſely bold
Rejects new phraſes and reſumes the old:
Thus Chaucer lives in younger Spenſer's ſtrains,
In Maro's page reviving Ennius reigns,
The ancient words the majeſty complete,
And make the poem venerably great:
So when the queen in royal habit is dreſt
Old myſtick emblems grace th' imperial veſt,
And in Eliza's robes all Anna ſtands confeſt.
A haughty bard, to fame by volumes rais'd,
At Dick's and Batſon's and thro' Smithfield prais'd,
Cries out aloud—"Bold Oxford Bard! forbear
"With rugged numbers to torment my ear."
Yet not like thee the heavy critick ſoars,
But paints in fuſtian or in turn deplores,
With Bunyan's ſtyle profanes heroick ſongs,
To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs,
For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels ſtrain,
And in low proſe dull Luciſer complain;
His envious Muſe, by native dulneſs curſt,
Damns the beſt poems and contrives the worſt.
Beyond his praiſe or blame thy Works prevail,
Complete where Dryden and thy Milton fail;
Great Milton's wing on lower themes ſubſides,
And Dryden oft in rhyme his weakneſs hides.

You ne'er with gingling words deceive the ear,
And yet on humble ſubjects great appear.
Thrice happy Youth! whom noble Iſis crowns,
Whom Blackmore cenſures and Godolphin owns.
So on the tuneful Margarita's tongue
The liſt'ning nymphs and raviſh'd heroes hung,
But cits and fops the heav'nborn muſick blame,
And bawl, and hiſs, and damn her into fame:
Like her ſweet voice is thy harmonious ſong,
As high, as ſweet, as eaſy, and as ſtrong.
Oh! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his days,
The tow'ring bard had ſung in nobler lays
How the laſt trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
How ſaints aloft the croſs triumphant ſpread,
How op'ning heav'ns their happy regions ſhow,
And yawning gulfs with flaming vengeance glow,
And ſaints rejoice above and ſinners howl below.
Well might he ſing the day he could not fear,
And paint the glories he was ſure to wear.
Oh! beſt of friends! will ne'er the ſilent urn
To our juſt vows the hapleſs youth return?
Muſt he no more divert the tedious day,
Nor ſparkling thoughts in antick words convey?
No more to harmleſs irony deſcend,
To noiſy fools a grave attention lend,
Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend?
No more in falſe pathetick phraſe complain
Of Delia's wit, her charms, and her diſdain?

Who now ſhall godlike Anna's fame diffuſe?
Muſt ſhe when moſt ſhe merits want a Muſe?
Who now our Twyſden's glorious fate ſhall tell,
How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell?
How while the troubled elements around,
Earth, water, air, the ſtunning din reſound,
Thro' ſtreams of ſmoke and adverſe fire he rides,
While ev'ry ſhot is levell'd at his ſides?
How while the fainting Dutch remotely fire,
And the fam'd Eugene's iron troops retire,
In the firſt front amidſt a ſlaughter'd pile
High on the mound he dy'd near great Argyle?
  Whom ſhall I find unbiaſs'd in diſpute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
To whom the labours of my ſoul diſcloſe,
Reveal my pleaſure or diſcharge my woes?
Oh! in that heav'nly youth for ever ends
The beſt of ſons, of brothers, and of friends.
He ſacred Friendſhip's ſtricteſt laws obey'd,
Yet more by conſcience than by friendſhip ſway'd;
Againſt himſelf his gratitude maintain'd,
By favours paſt not future proſpects gain'd;
Not nicely chuſing tho' by all deſir'd;
Tho' learn'd not vain, and humble tho' admir'd;
Candid to all, but to himſelf ſevere;
In humour pliant as in life auſtere;
A wiſe content his even ſoul ſecur'd,
By want not ſhaken nor by wealth allur'd;

To all ſincere; tho' earneſt to commend
Could praiſe a rival, or condemn a friend.
To him old Greece and Rome were fully known,
Their tongues, their ſpirit, and their ſtyles, his own.
Pleas'd the leaſt ſteps of famous men to view
Our authors' works, and lives, and ſouls, he knew;
Paid to the learn'd and great the ſame eſteem,
The one his pattern and the one his theme.
With equal judgment his capacious mind
Warm Pindar's rage and Euclid's reaſon join'd.
Judicious phyſick's noble art to gain
All drugs and plants explor'd, alas! in vain;
The drugs and plants their drooping maſter fail'd,
Nor goodneſs now nor learning aught avail'd;
Yet to the bard his Churchill's ſoul they gave,
And made him ſcorn the life they could not ſave.
  Elſe could he bear unmov'd the fatal gueſt,
The weight that all his fainting limbs oppreſt,
The coughs that ſtruggled from his weary breaſt?
Could he unmov'd approaching death ſuſtain,
Its ſlow advances and its racking pain?
Could he ſerene his weeping friends ſurvey,
In his laſt hours his eaſy wit diſplay,
Like the rich fruit he ſings delicious in decay?
  Once on thy friends look down lamented Shade!
And view the honours to thy aſhes paid:
Some thy lov'd duſt in Parian ſtones enſhrine,
Others immortal epitaphs deſign
With wit and ſtrength that only yield to thine.

Ev'n I, tho' ſlow to touch the painful ſtring,
Awake from ſlumber and attempt to ſing.
Thee Philips! thee deſpairing Vaga mourns,
And gentle Iſis ſoft complaints returns,
Dormer laments amidſt the war's alarms,
And Cecil weeps in beauteous Tufton's arms,
Thee on the Po kind Somerſet deplores,
And ev'n that charming ſcene his grief reſtores,
He to thy loſs each mournful air applies,
Mindful of thee on huge Taburnus lies,
But moſt at Virgil's tomb his ſwelling ſorrows riſe.
But you his darling friends lament no more,
Diſplay his fame and not his fate deplore,
And let no tears from erring Pity flow
For one that's bleſt above immortaliz'd below.

In the midſt of an Appletree over

MR. PHILIPS'S CIDER.

If he who firſt the Apple ſung, "the fruit
"Of that forbidden tree whoſe mortal taſte
"Brought death into the world and all our wo,"
Unfading laurels won, a branch awaits,
Philips, thy youthful brow, who Apples ſung
Innocuous, and with freedom bad us quaff
Their gen'rous nectar 'neath their parent ſhade
Advent'rous, nor in leſs inferiour ſtrains.
Like Milton too you taught Britannia's ſong

To ſhake the ſhackles off of tinkling rhyme
Emaſculate, unnervous, female verſe.
Since modeſty (ſtill modeſty attends
On worth like thine) forbids thee to accept
The parted wreath, let Milton's be the firſt
Unrivall'd, be the ſecond honour thine.
And now (for Leo from his flaming mane
Shakes ſultry rays intenſe, provoking thirſt)
O Philips! while my wellglaz'd tube exhales
Nicotian fragrance, and my rummer ſhines
With Cider ſparkling high, partake my ſhade,
Pleas'd with Pomona's haunts and cool receſs,
Her purple-breathing births ſweet ſmiling round.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

——— Sing, heav'nly Muſe!
Things unattempted yet in proſe or rhyme,
A ſhilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man who, void of cares and ſtriſe,
In ſilken or in leathern purſe retains
A Splendid Shilling! he nor hears with pain
New oyſters cry'd nor ſighs for cheerful ale,
But with his friends, when nightly miſts ariſe,
To Juniper's Magpie or Town-Hall * repairs,
Where mindful of the nymph whoſe wanton eye
Transfix'd his ſoul and kindled amorous flames,
Cloe or Phillis, he each circling glaſs
Wiſheth her health, and joy and equal love;
Mean-while he ſmokes and laughs at merry tale
Or pun ambiguous or conundrum quaint:
But I, whom griping penury ſurrounds
And hunger, ſure attendant upon want,
With ſcanty offals and ſmall acid tiff
(Wretched repaſt!) my meagre corpſe ſuſtain,
Then ſolitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff

* Two noted alehouſes in Oxford, 1700.

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Regale chill'd fingers, or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or wellpolish'd jet
Exhale mundungus, ill perfuming scent!
Not blacker tube nor of a shorter size
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree
Sprung from Cadwalador and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantick tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese
High overshaddowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares or at th' Arvonian mart
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines that well may vie
With Massick, Setin, or renown'd Falern.
Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure and silent pace a Dun,
Horrible Monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel ascends.
With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate
With hideous accent thrice he calls. I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do, or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of woodhole. Straight my bristling hairs erect
Thro' sudden fear, a chilly sweat bedews

My ſhudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of ſpeech,
So horrible he ſeems! His faded brow,
Intrench'd with many a frown, and conick beard,
And ſpreading band, admir'd by modern ſaints,
Diſaſtrous acts forebode. In his right hand,
Long ſcrolls of paper ſolemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye Gods! avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him ſtalks
Another monſter not unlike himſelf,
Sullen of aſpect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whoſe polluted hands the gods
With force incredible and magick charms
Firſt have endu'd: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated ſhoulder lay
Of debtor, ſtraight his body, to the touch
Obſequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
To ſome enchanted caſtle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable and coercive chains
In durance ſtrict detain him till in form
Of Money Pallas ſets the captive free.
  Beware, ye Debtors! when ye walk beware,
Be circumſpect; oft' with inſidious ken
This caitiff eyes your ſteps aloof, and oft'
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant ſome inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So, poets ſing,

Grimalkin, to domeſtick vermin ſworn
An everlaſting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtleſs mice
Sure ruin; ſo her diſembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen ſpreads
Obvious to vagrant flies: ſhe ſecret ſtands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardleſs of their fate, ruſh on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or ſhapes of lovely hue;
The waſp inſidious and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Diſtinct with gold, entangled in her ſnares
Uſeleſs reſiſtance make: with eager ſtrides
She tow'ring flies to her expected ſpoils,
Then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcaſſes triumphant drags.
So paſs my days: but when nocturnal ſhades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Perſuades men to repel benumming froſts
With pleaſant wines and crackling blaze of wood,
Me lonely ſitting nor the glimm'ring light
Of makeweight candle nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend delights: diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
Amidſt the horrours of the tedious night
Darkling I ſigh, and feed with diſmal thoughts

My anxious mind; or ſometimes mournful verſe
Indite, and ſing of groves and myrtle ſhades,
Or deſp'rate lady near a purling ſtream,
Or lover pendent on a willowtree.
Mean-while I labour with eternal drought,
And reſtleſs wiſh and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief nor heavy eyes repoſe;
But if a ſlumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy is ſtill awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager in a dream
Tipples imaginary pots of ale
In vain: awake I find the ſettled thirſt
Still gnawing, and the pleaſant phantom curſe.
  Thus do I live from pleaſure quite debarr'd,
Nor taſte the fruits that the ſun's genial rays
Mature, Johnapple nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough furrow'd coat ſecure,
Nor medlar fruit, delicious in decay;
Afflictions great! yet greater ſtill remain.
My galligaſkins, that have long withſtood
The winter's fury and encroaching froſts,
By time ſubdu'd (what will not time ſubdue!)
An horrid chaſm diſclos'd, with orifice
Wide, diſcontinuous, at which the winds
Eurus and Auſter, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter, with dire chilling blaſts
Portending agues. Thus a wellfraught ſhip

Long ſail'd ſecure or thro' th' Ægean deep
Or the Ionian, till cruiſing near
The Lilybean ſhore with hideous cruſh
On Scylla or Charybdis, (dang'rous rocks!)
She ſtrikes rebounding, whence the ſhatter'd oak
So fierce a ſhock unable to withſtand
Admits the ſea; in at the gaping ſide
The crowding waves guſh with impetuous rage
Reſiſtleſs, overwhelming: horrours ſeize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears:
They ſtare, they lave, they pump, they ſwear, they pray:
(Vain efforts!) ſtill the batt'ring waves ruſh in
Implacable, till delug'd by the foam
The ſhip ſinks found'ring in the vaſt abyſs.

From low and abject themes the grov'ling Muse
Now mounts aërial, to sing of arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts
Of Britain's hero: may the verse not sink
Beneath his merits, but detain a while
Thy ear O Harley *! (tho' thy country's weal
Depends on thee, tho' mighty Anne requires
Thy hourly counsels) since with ev'ry art
Thyself adorn'd the mean essays of youth
Thou wilt not damp, but guide wherever found
The willing genius to the Muses' seat,
Therefore thee first and last the Muse shall sing.
Long had the Gallick monarch uncontroll'd
Enlarg'd his borders, and of human force
Opponent slightly thought, in heart elate,
As erst Sesostris (proud Egyptian king,
That monarchs harness'd to his chariot yok'd,
(Base servitude!) and his dethron'd compeers
Lash'd furious they in sullen majesty
Drew the uneasy load) nor less he aim'd
At universal sway; for William's arm
Could naught avail, however fam'd in war,

* This poem was inscribed to the Right Hon. Robert Harley, Esq. 1705, then Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons, and Secretary of State.

Nor armies leagu'd, that diverſly eſſay'd
To curb his pow'r enormous; like an oak
That ſtands ſecure tho' all the winds employ
Their ceaſeleſs roar, and only ſheds its leaves,
Or maſt, which the revolving ſpring reſtores;
So ſtood he, and alone, alone defy'd
The European thrones combin'd, and ſtill
Had ſet at naught their machinations vain,
But that great Anne, weighing th' events of war
Momentous, in her prudent heart thee choſe,
Thee Churchill! to direct in nice extremes
Her banner'd legions. Now their priſtine worth
The Britons recollect, and gladly change
Sweet native home for unaccuſtom'd air
And other climes, where diff'rent food and ſoil
Portend diſtempers. Over dank and dry
Thy journey toilſome, unfatigu'd with length
Of march, unſtruck with horrour at the ſight
Of Alpine ridges bleak, high-ſtretching hills
All white with ſummer's ſnows! They go beyond
The trace of Engliſh ſteps, where ſcarce the ſound
Of Henry's arms arriv'd; ſuch ſtrength of heart
Thy conduct and example gives; nor ſmall
Encouragement. Godolphin, wiſe and juſt,
Equal in merit, honour, and ſucceſs,
To Burleigh, (fortunate alike to ſerve
The beſt of queens) he, of the royal ſtore
Splendidly frugal, ſits whole nights devoid

Of ſweet repoſe, induſtrious to procure
The ſoldier's eaſe; to regions far remote
His care extends, and to the Britiſh hoſt
Makes ravag'd countries plenteous as their own.
And now O Churchill! at thy wiſh'd approach
The Germans, hopeleſs of ſucceſs, forlorn,
With many an inroad gor'd, their drooping cheer
New animated rouſe. Not more rejoice
The miſerable race of men that live
Benighted half the year, benumm'd with froſts
Perpetual and rough Boreas's keeneſt breath,
Under the polar Bear, inclement ſky!
When firſt the ſun with newborn light removes
The long-incumbent gloom. Gladly to thee
Heroick laurell'd Eugene yields the prime,
Nor thinks it diminution to be rank'd
In military honour next, altho'
His deadly hand ſhook the Turcheſtan throne
Accurs'd, and prov'd in far-divided lands
Victorious. On thy pow'rful ſword alone
Germania and the Belgick coaſt relies,
Won from th' encroaching ſea: that ſword great Anne
Fix'd not in vain on thy puiſſant ſide
When thee ſhe enroll'd her garter'd knights among,
Illuſtrating the noble liſt: her hand
Aſſures good omens, and Saint George's worth
Enkindles like deſire of high exploits.
Immediate ſieges and the tire of war

Roll in thy eager mind; thy plumy creſt
Nods horrible; with more terrifick port
Thou walk'ſt, and ſeem'ſt already in the fight.
What ſpoils, what conqueſts, then did Albion hope
From thy achievements! yet thou haſt ſurpaſt
Her boldeſt vows, exceeded what thy foes
Could fear or fancy. They in multitude
Superiour fed their thoughts with proſpect vain
Of victory and rapine, reckoning what
From ranſom'd captives would accrue. Thus one
Jovial his mate beſpoke: "O Friend! obſerve
"How gay with all th' accoutrements of war
"The Britons come; with gold wellfraught they come
"Thus far our prey, and tempt us to ſubdue
"Their recreant force; how will their bodies ſtripp'd
"Enrich the victors, while the vultures ſate
"Their maws with full repaſt!"—Another, warm'd
With high ambition, and conceit of proweſs
Inherent, arrogantly thus preſum'd:
"What if this ſword, full often drench'd in blood
"Of baſe antagoniſts, with griding edge
"Should now cleave ſheer the execrable head
"Of Churchill, met in arms! or if this hand,
"Soon as his army diſarray'd 'gins ſwerve,
"Should ſtay him flying, with retentive gripe
"Confounded and appall'd? No trivial price
"Should ſet him free, nor ſmall ſhould be my praiſe

"To lead him ſhackled and expoſ'd to ſcorn
"Of gath'ring crowds, the Britons' boaſted chief."
  Thus they in ſportive mood their empty taunts
And menaces expreſs'd; nor could their prince
In arms, vain Tallard, from opprobrious ſpeech
Refrain. "Why halt ye thus ye Britons! why
"Decline the war? ſhall a moraſs forbid
"Your eaſy march? Advance; we 'll bridge a way
"Safe of acceſs." Imprudent thus t' invite
A furious lion to his folds! That boaſt
He ill abides; captiv'd, in other plight
He ſoon reviſits Britanny that once
Reſplendent came, with ſtretch'd retinue girt
And pompous pageantry. O hapleſs fate
If any arm but Churchill's had prevail'd!
  No need ſuch boaſts, or exprobrations falſe
Of cowardice. The military mound
The Britiſh files tranſcend in evil hour
For their proud foes, that fondly brav'd their fate.
And now on either ſide the trumpets blew,
Signal of onſet, reſolution firm
Inſpiring, and pernicious love of war.
The adverſe fronts in rueful conflict meet,
Collecting all their might, for on th' event
Deciſive of this bloody day depends
The fate of kingdoms. With leſs vehemence
The great competitors for Rome engag'd,
Cæſar and Pompey, on Pharſalian plains,

Where ſtern Bellona with one final ſtroke
Adjudg'd the empire of this globe to one.
Here the Bavarian duke his brigades leads,
Gallant in arms, and gaudy to behold,
Bold Champion! brandiſhing his Norick blade,
Beſt-temper'd ſteel, ſucceſsleſs prov'd in field.
Next Tallard with his Celtick infantry
Preſumptuous comes. Here Churchill, not ſo prompt
To vaunt as fight, his hardy cohorts joins
With Eugene's German force. Now from each van
The brazen inſtruments of death diſcharge
Horrible flames and turbid ſtreaming clouds
Of ſmoke ſulphureous; intermix'd with theſe
Large globous irons fly, of dreadful hiſs,
Singing the air, and from long diſtance bring
Surpriſing ſlaughter; on each ſide they fly
By chains connex'd, and with deſtructive ſweep
Behead whole troops at once; the hairy ſcalps
Are whirl'd aloof, while num'rous trunks beſtrew
Th' enſanguin'd field. With latent miſchief ſtor'd
Show'rs of granadoes rain, by ſudden burſt
Diſploding murd'rous bowels, fragments of ſteel,
And ſtones, and glaſs, and nitrous grain aduſt:
A thouſand ways at once the ſhiver'd orbs
Fly diverſe, working torment and foul rout
With deadly bruiſe and gaſhes furrow'd deep.
Of pain impatient the high-prancing ſteeds
Diſdain the curb, and flinging to and fro

Spurn their diſmounted riders; they expire
Indignant, by unhoſtile wounds deſtroy'd.
Thus thro' each army death in various ſhapes
Prevail'd: here mangled limbs, here brains and gore,
Lie clotted; lifeleſs ſome: with anguiſh theſe
Gnaſhing, and loud laments invoking aid
Unpity'd and unheard; the louder din
Of guns and trumpets' clang, and ſolemn ſound
Of drums, o'ercame their groans. In equal ſcale
Long hung the fight: few marks of fear were ſeen,
None of retreat. As when two adverſe winds
Sublim'd from dewy vapours in mid-ſky
Engage with horrid ſhock the ruffled brine
Roars ſtormy, they together daſh the clouds,
Levying their equal force with utmoſt rage,
Long undecided laſts the airy ſtrife,
So they incens'd, till Churchill viewing where
The violence of Tallard moſt prevail'd
Came to oppoſe his ſlaught'ring arm: with ſpeed
Precipitant he rode urging his way
O'er hills of gaſping heroes and fall'n ſteeds
Rolling in death: Deſtruction grim with blood
Attends his furious courſe. Him thus enrag'd
Deſcrying from afar ſome engineer,
Dext'rous to guide th' unerring charge, deſign'd
By one nice ſhot to terminate the war:
With aim direct the levell'd bullet flew,
But miſs'd her ſcope, (for Deſtiny withſtood

Th' approaching wound) and guiltleſs plough'd her way
Beneath his courſer round his ſacred head
The glowing balls play innocent, while he
With dire impetuous ſway deals fatal blows
Amongſt the ſcatter'd Gauls. But O beware
Great Warriour, nor too prodigal of life
Expoſe the Britiſh ſafety: hath not Jove
Already warn'd thee to withdraw? Reſerve
Thyſelf for other palms. Ev'n now thy aid
Eugene with regiments unequal preſs'd
Awaits: this day of all his honours gain'd
Deſpoils him if thy ſuccour opportune
Defends not the ſad hour: permit not thou
So brave a leader with the vulgar herd
To bite the ground unnoted.—Swift and fierce
As wintry ſtorm he flies to reinforce
The yielding wing; in Gallick blood again
He dews his reeking ſword, and ſtrews the ground
With headleſs ranks; (ſo Ajax interpos'd
His ſevenfold ſhield and ſcreen'd Laertes' ſon,
For valour much and warlike wiles renown'd,
When the inſulting Trojans urg'd him ſore
With tilted ſpears) unmanly dread invades
The French aſtony'd; ſtraight their uſeleſs arms
They quit, and in ignoble flight confide,
Unſeemly yelling; diſtant hills return
The hideous noiſe. What can they do, or how
Withſtand his wide-deſtroying ſword, or where

Find ſhelter, thus repuls'd? Behind with wrath
Reſiſtleſs the eager Engliſh champions preſs,
Chaſtiſing tardy flight; before them rolls
His current ſwift the Danube, vaſt and deep,
Supreme of rivers! to the frightful brink
Urg'd by compulſive arms, ſoon as they reach'd
New horrour chill'd their veins: devote they ſaw
Themſelves to wretched doom; with efforts vain,
Encourag'd by deſpair, or obſtinate
To fall like men in arms, ſome dare renew
Feeble engagement, meeting glorious fate
On the firm land; the reſt diſcomfited,
And puſh'd by Marlborough's avengeful hand,
Leap plunging in the wide-extended flood;
Bands num'rous as the Memphian ſoldiery
That ſwell'd the Erythræan wave, when wall'd
The unfroze waters marvellouſly ſtood,
Obſervant of the great command. Upborne
By frothy billows thouſands float the ſtream
In cumbrous mail, with love of farther ſhore
Confiding in their hands, that ſed'lous ſtrive
To cut th' outrageous fluent. In this diſtreſs,
Ev'n in the ſight of death, ſome tokens ſhew
Of fearleſs friendſhip, and their ſinking mates
Suſtain; vain love, tho' laudable! abſorb'd
By a fierce eddy they together found
The vaſt profundity: their horſes paw
The ſwelling ſurge with fruitleſs toil: ſurcharg'd,

And in his courſe obſtructed by large ſpoil,
The river flows redundant, and attacks
The ling'ring remnant with unuſual tide,
Then rolling back in his capacious lap
Ingulfs their whole militia, quick immers'd.
So when ſome ſwelt'ring travellers retire
To leafy ſhades, near the cool ſunleſs verge
Of Paraba, Brazilian ſtream, her tail
Of vaſt extenſion from her wat'ry den
A griſly Hydra ſuddenly ſhoots forth
Inſidious, and with curl'd envenom'd train
Embracing horridly, at once the crew
Into the river whirls; th' unweeting prey
Entwiſted roars, th' affrighted flood rebounds.
Nor did the Britiſh ſquadrons now ſurceaſe
To gall their foes o'erwhelm'd: full many felt
In the moiſt element a ſcorching death,
Pierc'd ſinking: ſhrouded in a duſky cloud
The current flows, with livid miſſive flames
Boiling, as once Pergamean Xanthus boil'd,
Inflam'd by Vulcan, when the ſwift-footed ſon
Of Peleus to his baleful banks purſu'd
The ſtraggling Trojans: nor leſs eager drove
Victorious Churchill his deſponding foes
Into the deep immenſe, that many a league
Impurpled ran, with guſhing gore diſtain'd.
Thus the experienc'd valour of one man
Mighty in conflict reſcu'd haraſs'd pow'rs

From ruin impendent, and th' afflicted throne
Imperial, that once lorded o'er the world,
Suſtain'd. With prudent ſtay he long deferr'd
The rough contention, nor would deign to rout
An hoſt diſparted; when in union firm
Embody'd they advanc'd, collecting all
Their ſtrength, and worthy ſeem'd to be ſubdu'd,
He the proud boaſters ſent with ſtern aſſault
Down to the realms of Night. The Britiſh ſouls
(A lamentable race!) that ceas'd to breathe
On Landen plains this heav'nly gladſome air
Exult to ſee the crowding ghoſts deſcend
Unnumber'd; well aveng'd they quit the cares
Of mortal life, and drink th' oblivious lake.
Not ſo the new inhabitants, they roam
Erroneous and diſconſolate, themſelves
Accuſing and their chiefs, improvident
Of military chance; when lo! they ſee
Thro' the dun miſt in blooming beauty freſh
Two lovely youths that amicably walk'd
O'er verdant meads, and pleas'd perhaps revolv'd
Anna's late conqueſts; one to empire born,
Egregious Prince *, whoſe manly childhood ſhew'd
His mingled parents, and portended joy
Unſpeakable; thou his aſſociate dear †
Once in this world, nor now by Fate disjoin'd,
Had thy preſiding ſtar propitious ſhone

* Duke of Glouceſter. † Marquis of Blandford.

Shouldſt Churchill be! but Heav'n ſevere cut ſhort
Their ſpringing years, nor would this iſle ſhould boaſt
Gifts ſo important! Them the Gallick ſhades
Surveying read in either radiant look
Marks of exceſſive dignity and grace
Delighted, till in one their curious eye
Diſcerns their great ſubduer's awful mien
And correſponding features fair, to them
Confuſion: ſtraight the airy phantoms fleet
With headlong haſte, and dread a new purſuit:
The image pleas'd with joy paternal ſmiles.
  Enough, O Muſe! the ſadly-pleaſing theme
Leave with theſe dark abodes, and reaſcend
To breathe the upper air, where triumphs wait
The conq'ror and ſav'd nations' joint acclaim.
Hark how the cannon, inoffenſive now,
Gives ſigns of gratulation! ſtruggling crowds
From ev'ry city flow; with ardent gaze
Fix'd they behold the Britiſh Guide, of ſight
Inſatiate, whilſt his great redeeming hand
Each prince affects to touch reſpectful. See
How Pruſſia's King tranſported entertains
His mighty gueſt! to him the royal pledge,
Hope of his realm, commits, (with better fate
Than to the Trojan chief Evander gave
Unhappy Pallas) and entreats to ſhew
The ſkill and rudiments auſtere of war.
See with what joy him Leopold declares
His great deliverer, and courts t' accept

Of titles, with ſuperiour modeſty
Better refus'd. Mean-while the haughty king
Far humbler thoughts now learns: deſpair and fear
Now firſt he feels: his laurels all at once
Torn from his aged head in life's extreme
Diſtract his ſoul; nor can great Boileau's harp
Of various-ſounding wire, beſt taught to calm
Whatever paſſion, and exalt the ſoul
With higheſt ſtrains, his languid ſpirits cheer:
Rage, ſhame, and grief, alternate in his breaſt.
But who can tell what pangs, what ſharp remorſe,
Torment the Boian prince? From native ſoil
Exil'd by Fate, torn from the dear embrace
Of weeping conſort, and depriv'd the ſight
Of his young guiltleſs progeny, he ſeeks
Inglorious ſhelter in an alien land;
Deplorable! but that his mind averſe
To right, and inſincere, would violate
His plighted faith. Why did he not accept
Friendly compoſure offer'd? or well weigh
With whom he muſt contend? encount'ring fierce
The Solymean Sultan, he o'erthrew
His moony troops, returning bravely ſmear'd
With Paynim blood effus'd; nor did the Gaul
Not find him once a baleful foe: but when
Of counſel raſh new meaſures he purſues,
Unhappy Prince! (no more a prince) he ſees
Too late his errour, forc'd t' implore relief

Of him he once defy'd. O destitute
Of hope, unpity'd, thou shouldst first have thought
Of persevering stedfast; now upbraid
Thy own inconstant ill-aspiring heart.
Lo how the Norick plains thro' thy default
Rise hilly with large piles of slaughter'd knights,
Best men! that warr'd still firmly for their prince
Tho' faithless, and unshaken duty shew'd,
Worthy of better end. Where cities stood
Well fenc'd and num'rous desolation reigns
And emptiness: dismay'd, unfed, unhous'd,
The widow and the orphan stroll around
The desert wide; with oft'-retorted eye
They view the gaping walls and poor remains
Of mansions once their own, (now loathsome haunts
Of birds obscene) bewailing loud the loss
Of spouse, or sire, or son, ere manly prime
Slain in sad conflict, and complain of Fate
As partial and too rig'rous, nor find
Where to retire themselves, or where appease
Th' afflictive keen desire of food, expos'd
To winds, and storms, and jaws of savage beasts.
  Thrice happy Albion! from the world disjoin'd
By Heav'n propitious, blissful seat of peace!
Learn from thy neighbours' miseries to prize
Thy welfare. Crown'd with Nature's choicest gifts
Remote thou hear'st the dire effect of war,
Depopulation, void alone of fear

And peril whilſt the diſmal ſymphony
Of drums and clarions other realms annoys.
Th' Iberian ſceptre undecided here
Engages mighty hoſts in waſteful ſtrife:
From diff'rent climes the flow'r of youth deſcends
Down to the Luſitanian vales, reſolv'd
With utmoſt hazard to enthrone their prince
Gallick or Auſtrian: havock dire enſues
And wild uproar: the natives dubious whom
They muſt obey in conſternation wait
Till rigid Conqueſt will pronounce their liege.
Nor is the brazen voice of War unheard
On the mild Latian ſhore. What ſighs and tears
Hath Eugene caus'd! how many widows curſe
His cleaving falchion! fertile ſoil in vain,
What do thy paſtures or thy vines avail,
Beſt boon of Heav'n! or huge Taburnus cloth'd
With olives, when the cruel battle mows
The planters with their harveſt immature?
See with what outrage from the froſty North
The early-valiant Swede draws forth his wings
In battailous array, while Volga's ſtream
Sends oppoſite, in ſhaggy armour clad,
Her borderers! on mutual ſlaughter bent
They rend their countries. How is Poland vex'd
With civil broils while two elected kings
Contend for ſway? unhappy nation! left
Thus free of choice. The Engliſh undiſturb'd

With ſuch ſad privilege ſubmiſs obey
Whom Heav'n ordains ſupreme; with rev'rence due
Not thraldom, in fit liberty ſecure.
From ſcepter'd kings in long deſcent deriv'd
Thou Anna ruleſt! prudent to promote
Thy people's eaſe at home, nor ſtudious leſs
Of Europe's good. To thee of kingly right
Sole arbitreſs declining thrones and pow'rs
Sue for relief. Thou bidſt thy Churchill go
Succour the injur'd realms, defeat the hopes
Of haughty Louis unconfin'd: he goes
Obſequious, and the dread command fulfils
In one great day. Again thou giv'ſt in charge
To Rooke that he ſhould let that monarch know
The empire of the ocean wide diffus'd
Is thine; behold! with winged ſpeed he rides
Undaunted o'er the lab'ring main t' aſſert
Thy liquid kingdoms; at his near approach
The Gallick navies, impotent to bear
His volly'd thunder, torn, diſſever'd, ſcud,
And bleſs the friendly interpoſing night.
Hail, mighty Queen! reſerv'd by Fate to grace
The newborn age. What hopes may we conceive
Of future years when to thy early reign
Neptune ſubmits his trident, and thy arms
Already have prevail'd to th' utmoſt bound
Heſperian, Calpe, by Alcides fix'd,
Mountain ſublime! that caſts a ſhade of length

Immeaſurable, and rules the inland waves!
Let others with inſatiate thirſt of rule
Invade their neighbours' lands, neglect the ties
Of leagues and oaths; this thy peculiar praiſe
Be ſtill to ſtudy right and quell the force
Of kings perfidious: let them learn from thee
That neither ſtrength nor policy refin'd
Shall with ſucceſs be crown'd where juſtice fails.
Thou with thy own content not for thyſelf
Subdueſt regions, generous to raiſe
The ſuppliant knee and curb the rebel neck:
The German boaſts thy conqueſts, and enjoys
The great advantage; naught to thee redounds
But ſatisfaction from thy conſcious mind.
 Auſpicious Queen! ſince in thy realms ſecure
Of peace thou reign'ſt, and victory attends
Thy diſtant enſigns, with compaſſion view
Europe embroil'd: ſtill thou (for thou alone
Sufficient art) the jarring kingdoms' ire,
Reciprocally ruinous: ſay who
Shall wield th' Heſp'rian who the Poliſh ſword
By thy decree? The trembling lands ſhall hear
Thy voice obedient, leſt thy ſcourge ſhould bruiſe
Their ſtubborn necks, and Churchill in his wrath
Make them remember Blenheim with regret.
 • Thus ſhall the nations aw'd to peace extol
Thy pow'r and juſtice; jealouſies and fears,
And Hate infernal, baniſh'd, ſhall retire

To Mauritania or the Bactrian coaſts,
Or Tartary, engend'ring diſcords fell
Amongſt the enemies of truth, while arts
Pacifick and inviolable love
Flouriſh in Europe. Hail, Saturnian days
Returning! in perpetual tenour run
Delectable, and ſhed your influence ſweet
On virtuous Anna's head: ye happy days
By her reſtor'd her juſt deſigns complete,
And mildly on her ſhining bleſs the world!
Thus from the noiſy crowd exempt, with eaſe
And plenty bleſt, amid the mazy groves,
(Sweet ſolitude!) where warbling birds provoke
The ſilent Muſe, delicious rural ſeat
Of St. John, Engliſh Memmius, I preſum'd
To ſing Britannick trophies, inexpert
Of war, with mean attempt, while he intent
(So Anna's will ordains) to expedite
His military charge no leiſure finds
To ſtring his charming ſhell; but when return'd
Conſummate Peace ſhall rear her cheerful head,
Then ſhall his Churchill in ſublimer verſe
For ever triumph; lateſt times ſhall learn
From ſuch a chief to fight and bard to ſing.

CIDER.

IN TWO BOOKS.

"——Honos erit huic quoque Pomo?" VIRG.

BOOK I.

WHAT ſoil the Apple loves, what care is due
To Orchats, timelieſt when to preſs the fruits,
Thy gift Pomona! in Miltonian verſe
Advent'rous I preſume to ſing; of verſe
Nor ſkill'd nor ſtudious; but my native ſoil
Invites me, and the theme, as yet unſung.
Ye Ariconian Knights and faireſt Dames,
To whom propitious Heav'n theſe bleſſings grants,
Attend my lays! nor hence diſdain to learn
How Nature's gifts may be improv'd by art.
And thou O Moſtyn! whoſe benevolence
And candour, oft' experienc'd, me vouchſaf'd
To knit in friendſhip growing ſtill with years,
Accept this pledge of gratitude and love:
May it a laſting monument remain
Of dear reſpect, that when this body frail
Is moulder'd into duſt, and I become
As I had never been, late times may know
I once was bleſs'd in ſuch a matchleſs friend.
Whoe'er expect his lab'ring trees ſhould bend
With fruitage, and a kindly harveſt yield,
Be this his firſt concern, to find a track

Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills
That intercept the Hyperborean blasts
Tempestuous, and cold Eurus' nipping force,
Noxious to feeble buds; but to the west
Let him free entrance grant; let Zephirs bland
Administer their tepid genial airs:
Nought fear he from the west, whose gentle warmth
Discloses well the earth's all-teeming womb,
Invigorating tender seeds, whose breath
Nurtures the orange and the citron groves,
Hesperian fruits, and wafts their odours sweet
Wide thro' the air, and distant shores perfumes.
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds,
But when the black'ning clouds in sprinkling show'rs
Distil from the high summits down the rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile moisture cheer'd
The Orchats smile; joyous the farmers see
Their thriving plants, and bless the heav'nly dew.
Next let the planter with discretion meet
The force and genius of each soil explore,
To what adapted, what it shuns averse:
Without this necessary care in vain
He hopes an Apple vintage, and invokes
Pomona's aid in vain. The miry fields
Rejoicing in rich mould most ample fruit
Of beauteous form produce, pleasing to sight,
But to the tongue inelegant and flat.
So Nature has decreed; so oft' we see

Men paſſing fair in outward lineaments
Elaborate leſs inwardly exact.
Nor from the ſable ground expect ſucceſs,
Nor from cretaceous, ſtubborn and jejune;
The muſt of pallid hue declares the ſoil
Devoid of ſpirit: wretched he that quaffs
Such wheyiſh liquors! oft' with colick pangs,
With pungent colick pangs, diſtreſt he 'll roar,
And toſs, and turn, and curſe th' unwholeſome draught.
But, Farmer, look where fullear'd ſheaves of rye
Grow wavy on the tilth; that ſoil ſelect
For Apples; thence thy induſtry ſhall gain
Tenfold reward; thy garners thence with ſtore
Surcharg'd ſhall burſt; thy preſs with pureſt juice
Shall flow, which in revolving years may try
Thy feeble feet and bind thy falt'ring tongue.
Such is the Kentchurch ſuch Dantzeyan ground,
Such thine, O learned Brome! and Capel ſuch,
Williſian Burlton, much lov'd Geers his Marſh,
And Sutton acres, drench'd with regal blood
Of Ethelbert, when to th' unhallow'd feaſt
Of Mercian Offa he invited came
To treat of ſpouſals: long connubial joys
He promis'd to himſelf, allur'd by fair
Elfrida's beauty, but deluded dy'd
In height of hopes.—Oh hardeſt fate, to fall
By ſhew of friendſhip and pretended love!
I nor adviſe nor reprehend the choice

Of Marcleyhill; the Apple no where finds
A kinder mould: yet it is unsafe to trust
Deceitful ground: who knows but that once more
This mount may journey, and his present site
Forsaking to thy neighbour's bounds transfer
The goodly plants, affording matter strange
For law debates *? if therefore thou incline
To deck this rise with fruits of various tastes,
Fail not by frequent vows t' implore success;
Thus piteous Heav'n may fix the wand'ring glebe.
But if (for Nature doth not share alike
Her gifts) an happy soil should be withheld,
If a penurious clay should be thy lot
Or rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plough
Nor to the cattle kind, with sandy stones
And gravel o'erabounding, think it not
Beneath thy toil; the sturdy peartree here
Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest root
Pierce the obstructing grit and restive marl.

* February the 7th 1571, at six o'clock in the evening, this hill roused itself with a roaring noise, and by seven the next morning had moved forty paces; it kept moving for three days together, carrying with it sheep in their cots, hedge-rows and trees, and in its passage overthrew Kinnaston chapel, and turned two highways near an hundred yards from their former position. The ground thus moved was about twenty-six acres, which opened itself and carried the earth before it for four hundred yards space, leaving that which was pasture in the place of the tillage, and the tillage overspread with pasture. See Speed's *Account of Herefordshire*, page 49, and Camden's *Britannia.*

Thus naught is uſeleſs made; nor is there land
But what or of itſelf or elſe compell'd
Affords advantage. On the barren heath
The ſhepherd tends his flock, that daily crop
Their verdant dinner from the moſſy turf
Sufficient; after them the cackling gooſe,
Cloſe grazer, finds wherewith to eaſe her want.
What ſhould I more? Ev'n on the cliffy height
Of Penmenmaur, and that cloud-piercing hill
Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens
Aſtoniſh'd how the goats their ſhrubby browſe
Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canſt thou ſee
How from a ſcraggy rock whoſe prominence
Half overſhades the ocean hardy men,
Fearleſs of rending winds and daſhing waves,
Cut ſamphire, to excite the ſqueamiſh guſt
Of pamper'd Luxury. Then let thy ground
Not lie unlabour'd; if the richeſt ſtem
Refuſe to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant
Somewhat that may to human uſe redound,
And penury the worſt of ills remove?

There are who fondly ſtudious of increaſe
Rich foreign mould on their illnatur'd land
Induce laborious, and with fatt'ning muck
Beſmear the roots in vain. The nurſling grove
Seems fair a while, cheriſh'd with foſter earth,
But when the alien compoſt is exhauſt
Its native poverty again prevails.

Tho' this art fails deſpond not; little pains
In a due hour employ'd great profit yield.
Th' induſtrious when the ſun in Leo rides
And darts his ſultrieſt beams portending drought,
Forgets not at the foot of ev'ry plant
To ſink a circling trench, and daily pour
A juſt ſupply of alimental ſtreams,
Exhauſted ſap recruiting, elſe falſe hopes
He cheriſhes, nor will his fruit expect
Th' autumnal ſeaſon, but in ſummer's pride
When other Orchats ſmile abortive fail.
Thus the great light of heav'n, that in his courſe
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
Noxious to planted fields, and often men
Perceive his influence dire; ſwelt'ring they run
To grots and caves, and the cool umbrage ſeek
Of woven arborets, and oft' the rills
Still ſtreaming freſh reviſit, to allay
Thirſt inextinguiſhable: but if the ſpring
Preceding ſhould be deſtitute of rain,
Or blaſt ſeptentrional with bruſhing wings
Sweep up the ſmoky miſts and vapours damp,
Then wo to mortals! Titan then exerts
His heat intenſe, and on our vitals preys;
Then maladies of various kinds and names
Unknown, malignant fevers, and that foe
To blooming beauty which imprints the face
Of faireſt nymph, and checks our growing love,

Reign far and near; grim Death in diff'rent ſhapes
Depopulates the nations; thouſands fall
His victims; youths and virgins in their flow'r
Reluctant die, and ſighing leave their loves
Unfiniſh'd, by infectious heav'n deſtroy'd.
Such heats prevail'd when fair Eliza, laſt
Of Winchcomb's name, (next thee in blood and worth
O faireſt St. John!) left this toilſome world
In beauty's prime, and ſadden'd all the year:
Nor could her virtues nor repeated vows
Of thouſand lovers the relentleſs hand
Of Death arreſt; ſhe with the vulgar fell,
Only diſtinguiſh'd by this humble verſe.
But if it pleaſe the ſun's intemp'rate force
To know attend, whilſt I of ancient fame
The annals trace, and image to thy mind
How our forefathers, (luckleſs men!) ingulft
By the wide-yawning earth, to Stygian ſhades
Went quick, in one ſad ſepulchre encloſ'd.
In elder days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious this our other world ſubdu'd,
A ſpacious city ſtood, with firmeſt walls
Sure mounded, and with num'rous turrets crown'd,
Aerial ſpires and citadels, the ſeat
Of kings and heroes reſolute in war,
Fam'd Ariconium! uncontroll'd and free
Till allſubduing Latian arms prevail'd.
Then alſo, tho', to foreign yoke ſubmiſs,

She undemoliſh'd ſtood, and ev'n till now
Perhaps had ſtood, of ancient Britiſh art
A pleaſing monument, not leſs admir'd
Than what from Attick or Etruſcan hands
Aroſe, had not the heav'nly pow'rs averſe
Decreed her final doom; for now the fields
Labour'd with thirſt, Aquarius had not ſhed
His wonted ſhow'rs, and Sirius parch'd with heat
Solſtitial the green herb; hence 'gan relax
The ground's contexture; hence Tartarian dregs,
Sulphur and nitrous ſpume, enkindling fierce
Bellow'd within their darkſome caves, by far
More diſmal than the loud diſploded roar
Of brazen enginery, that ceaſeleſs ſtorm
The baſtion of a wellbuilt city deem'd
Impregnable: th' infernal winds till now
Cloſely impriſon'd, by Titanian warmth
Dilating, and with unctuous vapours fed,
Diſdain'd their narrow cells, and their full ſtrength
Collecting from beneath the ſolid maſs
Upheav'd, and all her caſtles rooted deep
Shook from their loweſt ſeat: old Vaga's ſtream
Forc'd by the ſudden ſhock her wonted track
Forſook, and drew her humid train aſlope,
Crankling her banks: and now the low'ring ſky
And baleful lightning, and the thunder, voice
Of angry gods, that rattled ſolemn, diſmay'd
The ſinking hearts of men. Where ſhould they turn

Diſtreſt! whence ſeek for aid, when from below
Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate ſupreme gives ſigns
Of wrath and deſolation? Vain were vows,
And plaints, and ſuppliant hands, to Heav'n erect:
Yet ſome to fanes repair'd, and humble rites
Perform'd to Thor and Woden, fabled gods,
Who with their vot'ries in one ruin ſhar'd,
Cruſh'd and o'erwhelm'd. Others in frantick mood
Run howling thro' the ſtreets; their hideous yells
Rend the dark welkin; Horrour ſtalks around
Wild-ſtaring, and his ſad concomitant
Deſpair, of abject look: at ev'ry gate
The thronging populace with haſty ſtrides
Preſs furious, and too eager of eſcape
Obſtruct the eaſy way; the rocking town
Supplants their footſteps; to and fro they reel
Aſtoniſh'd, as o'ercharg'd with wine; when lo!
The ground aduſt her riven mouth diſparts,
Horrible chaſm profound! with ſwift deſcent
Old Ariconium ſinks and all her tribes,
Heroes and ſenators, down to the realms
Of endleſs Night. Mean-while the looſen'd winds
Infuriate molten rocks and flaming globes
Hurl'd high above the clouds, till all their force
Conſum'd her rav'nous jaws th' earth ſatiate cloſ'd.
Thus this fair city fell, of which the name
Survives alone; nor is there found a mark
Whereby the curious paſſenger may learn

Her ample site save coins and mould'ring urns,
And huge unwieldy bones, lasting remains
Of that gigantick race, which as he breaks
The clotted glebe the ploughman haply finds
Appall'd. Upon that treach'rous track of land
She whilom stood; now Ceres in her prime
Smiles fertile, and with ruddiest freight bedeck'd
The Appletree by our forefathers' blood
Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muse,
Urging her destin'd labours to pursue.
The prudent will observe what passions reign
In various plants (for not to man alone
But all the wide creation Nature gave
Love and aversion.) Everlasting hate
The vine to ivy bears, nor less abhors
The colewort's rankness, but with am'rous twine
Clasps the tall elm. The Pæstan rose unfolds
Her bud more lovely near the fetid leek,
(Crest of stout Britons) and enhances thence
The price of her celestial scent. The gourd
And thirsty cucumber when they perceive
Th' approaching olive with resentment fly
Her fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep
Diverse, detesting contact, whilst the fig
Contemns not rue nor sage's humble leaf
Close neighbouring. Th' Herefordian plant
Caresses freely the contiguous peach,
Hazel and weight-resisting palm, and likes

T' approach the quince, and th' elder's pithy ſtem,
Uneaſy ſeated by funereal yew,
Or walnut, (whoſe malignant touch impairs
All gen'rous fruits) or near the bitter dews
Of cherries: therefore weigh the habits well
Of plants, how they aſſociate beſt, nor let
Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful graffs.
  Wouldſt thou thy vats with gen'rous juice ſhould
Reſpect thy Orchats: think not that the trees [froth?
Spontaneous will produce an wholeſome draught.
Let art correct thy breed: from parent bough
A ſcion meetly ſever, after force
A way into the crabſtock's cloſewrought grain
By wedges, and within the living wound
Encloſe the foſter twig: nor overnice
Refuſe with thy own hands around to ſpread
The binding clay: erelong their diff'ring veins
Unite, and kindly nouriſhment convey
To the new pupil: now he ſhoots his arms
With quickeſt growth; now ſhake the teeming trunk,
Down rain th' impurpled balls, ambroſial fruit!
Whether the wilding's fibres are contriv'd
To draw th' earth's pureſt ſpirit, and reſiſt
Its feculence, which in more porous ſtocks
Of Cider plants finds paſſage free, or elſe
The native verjuice of the crab, deriv'd
Thro' th' infix'd graff, a grateful mixture forms
Of tart and ſweet; whatever be the cauſe,

This doubtful progeny, by niceſt taſtes
Expected, beſt acceptance finds, and pays
Largeſt revenues to the Orchat lord.
Some think the quince and Apple would combine
In happy union; others fitter deem
The ſloeſtem, bearing ſylvan plums auſtere.
Who knows but both may thrive? howe'er, what loſs
To try the pow'rs of both, and ſearch how far
Two diff'rent natures may concur to mix
In cloſe embraces, and ſtrange offspring bear?
Thou 'lt find that plants will frequent changes try
Undamag'd, and their marriageable arms
Conjoin with others. So Silurian plants
Admit the peach's odoriferous globe,
And pears of ſundry forms; at diff'rent times
Adopted plums will alien branches grace,
And men have gather'd from the hawthorn's branch
Large medlars, imitating regal crowns.
Nor is it hard to beautify each month
With files of partycolour'd fruits that pleaſe
The tongue and view at once. So Maro's Muſe,
Thrice ſacred Muſe! commodious precepts gives
Inſtructi[illegible] the ſwains not wholly bent
On what [illegible]inful. Sometimes ſhe diverts
From ſolid counſels, ſhews the force of love
In ſavage beaſts, how virgin face divine
Attracts the hapleſs youth thro' ſtorms and waves,
Alone in deep of night; then ſhe deſcribes

The Scythian winter, nor diſdains to ſing
How under ground the rude Riphæan race
Mimick briſk Cider with the brake's product wild,
Sloes pounded, hips, and ſervis' harſheſt juice.
Let ſage Experience teach thee all the arts
Of grafting and ineyeing, when to lop
The flowing branches, what trees anſwer beſt
From root or kernel: ſhe will beſt the hours
Of harveſt and ſeedtime declare: by her
The diff'rent qualities of things were found
And ſecret motions, how with heavy bulk
Volatile Hermes, fluid and unmoiſt,
Mounts on the wings of air. To her we owe
The Indian weed * unknown to ancient times,
Nature's choice gift, whoſe acrimonious fume
Extracts ſuperfluous juices, and refines
The blood diſtemper'd from its noxious ſalts;
Friend to the ſpirits, which with vapours bland
It gently mitigates; companion fit
Of pleaſantry and wine; nor to the bards
Unfriendly when they to the vocal ſhell
Warble melodious their well-labour'd ſongs.
She found the poliſh'd glaſs, whoſe ſmall convex
Enlarges to ten millions of degrees
The mite, inviſible elſe, of Nature's hand
Leaſt animal, and ſhews what laws of life
The cheeſe inhabitants obſerve, and how

* Tobacco.

Fabrick their manſions in the harden'd milk,
Wonderful artiſts! But the hidden ways
Of Nature wouldſt thou know, how firſt ſhe frames
All things in miniature? thy ſpecular orb
Apply to welldiſſected kernels; lo!
Strange forms ariſe, in each a little plant
Unfolds its boughs: obſerve the ſlender threads
Of firſt beginning trees, their roots, their leaves,
In narrow ſeeds deſcrib'd, thou 'lt wond'ring ſay
An inmate Orchat ev'ry Apple boaſts.
Thus all things by Experience are diſplay'd,
And moſt improv'd. Then ſedulouſly think
To meliorate thy ſtock; no way or rule
Be unaſſay'd; prevent the morning-ſtar
Aſſiduous, nor with the weſtern ſun
Surceaſe to work. Lo! thoughtful of thy gain,
Not of my own, I all the livelong day
Conſume in meditation deep, recluſe
From human converſe, nor at ſhut of eve
Enjoy repoſe, but oft' at midnight lamp
Ply my brain-racking ſtudies, if by chance
Thee I may counſel right, and oft' this care
Diſturbs me ſlumb'ring. Wilt thou then repine
To labour for thyſelf, and rather chuſe
To lie ſupinely, hoping Heav'n will bleſs
Thy ſlighted fruits, and give thee bread unearn'd?
'Twill profit when the ſtork, ſworn foe of ſnakes,
Returns to ſhew compaſſion to thy plants

Fatigu'd with breeding. Let the arched knife
Well sharpen'd now assail the spreading shades
Of vegetables, and their thirsty limbs
Dissever, for the genial moisture due
To Apples otherwise mispends itself
In barren twigs, and for th' expected crop
Nought but vain shoots and empty leaves abound.
When swelling buds their od'rous foliage shed,
And gently harden into fruit, the wise
Spare not the little offsprings if they grow
Redundant, but the thronging clusters thin
By kind avulsion, else the starv'ling brood,
Void of sufficient sustenance, will yield
A slender autumn, which the niggard soul
Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty hand,
That would not timely ease the pond'rous boughs.
It much conduces all the cares to know
Of gard'ning, how to scare nocturnal thieves,
And how the little race of birds, that hop
From spray to spray scooping the costliest fruit
Insatiate, undisturb'd. Priapus' form
Avails but little; rather guard each row
With the false terrours of a breathless kite.
This done the tim'rous flock with swiftest wing
Scud thro' the air; their fancy represents
His mortal talons and his rav'nous beak
Destructive; glad to shun his hostile gripe
They quit their thefts, and unfrequent the fields.

Beſides, the filthy ſwine will oft' invade
Thy firm encloſure, and with delving ſnout
The rooted foreſt undermine: forthwith
Halloo thy furious maſtiff; bid him vex
The noxious herd, and print upon their ears
A ſad memorial of their paſt offence.
The flagrant Procyon will not fail to bring
Large ſhoals of ſlow houſebearing ſnails that creep
O'er the ripe fruitage, paring ſlimy tracks
In the ſleek rinds, and unpreſt Cider drink.
No art averts this peſt; on thee it lies
With morning and with ev'ning hand to rid
The preying reptiles; nor if wiſe wilt thou
Decline this labour, which itſelf rewards
With pleaſing gain, whilſt the warm limbeck draws
Salubrious waters from the nocent brood.
Myriads of waſps now alſo cluſt'ring hang
And drain a ſpurious honey from thy groves,
Their winter food; tho' oft' repuls'd again
They rally undiſmay'd: but fraud with eaſe
Enſnares the noiſome ſwarms: let ev'ry bough
Bear frequent vials, pregnant with the dregs
Of moyle or mum, or treacle's viſcous juice;
They by th' alluring odour drawn in haſte
Fly to the dulcet cates, and crowding ſip
Their palatable bane. Joyful thou 'lt ſee
The clammy ſurface all o'erſtrown with tribes
Of greedy inſects, that with fruitleſs toil

Flap filmy pennons oft' to extricate
Their feet, in liquid ſhackles bound, till death
Bereave them of their worthleſs ſouls. Such doom
Waits luxury and lawleſs love of gain!
  How'er thou may'ſt forbid external force
Inteſtine evils will prevail. Damp airs
And rainy winters to the centre pierce
Of firmeſt fruits, and by unſeen decay
The proper reliſh vitiate; then the grub,
Oft' unobſerv'd, invades the vital core,
Pernicious tenant! and her ſecret cave
Enlarges hourly, preying on the pulp
Ceaſeleſs; mean-while the Apple's outward form
Delectable the witleſs ſwain beguiles,
Till with a writhen mouth and ſpatt'ring noiſe
He taſtes the bitter morſel, and rejects
Diſreliſht, not with leſs ſurpriſe than when
Embattled troops with flowing banners paſs
Thro' flow'ry meads delighted, nor diſtruſt
The ſmiling ſurface, whilſt the cavern'd ground
With grain incentive ſtor'd by ſudden blaze
Burſts fatal, and involves the hopes of war
In fiery whirls; full of victorious thoughts
Torn and diſmember'd they aloft expire.
  Now turn thine eye to view Alcinous' groves,
The pride of the Phæacian iſle, from whence
Sailing the ſpaces of the boundleſs deep
To Ariconium precious fruits arriv'd,

The pippin, burnisht o'er with gold, the moyle,
Of sweetest honey'd taste, the fair pearmain,
Temper'd like comeliest nymph with red and white.
Salopian acres flourish with a growth
Peculiar, styl'd the Ottley. Be thou first
This Apple to transplant : if to the name
Its merit answers no where shalt thou find
A wine more priz'd or laudable of taste.
Nor does the eleot least deserve thy care,
Nor John-apple, whose wither'd rind entrencht
With many a furrow aptly represents
Decrepit age, nor that from Harvey nam'd,
Quick-relishing. Why should we sing the thrift,
Codling, or pomercy, or of pimpled coat
The russet, or the cat's-head's weighty orb,
Enormous in its growth, for various use
Tho' these are meet, tho' after full repast
Are oft' requir'd, and crown the rich dessert?
What tho' the peartree rival not the worth
Of Ariconian products? yet her freight
Is not contemn'd, yet her wide branching arms
Best screen thy mansion from the fervent Dog,
Adverse to life. The wintry hurricanes
In vain employ their roar, her trunk unmov'd
Breaks the strong onset and controls their rage;
Chiefly the Bosbury, whose large increase
Annual in sumptuous banquets claims applause;
Thrice acceptable bev'rage! could but art

Subdue the floating lee Pomona's ſelf
Would dread thy praiſe and ſhun the dubious ſtrife.
Be it thy choice when ſummer heats annoy
To ſit beneath her leafy canopy
Quaffing rich liquids; oh how ſweet t' enjoy
At once her fruits and hoſpitable ſhade!
But how with equal numbers ſhall we match
The muſk's ſurpaſſing worth, that earlieſt gives
Sure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,
Its tender nonage, loads the ſpreading boughs
With large and juicy offspring that defies
The vernal nippings and cold ſyd'ral blaſts?
Yet let her to the redſtreak yield, that once
Was of the ſylvan kind, unciviliz'd,
Of no regard, till Scudamore's ſkilful hand
Improv'd her, and by courtly diſcipline
Taught her the ſavage nature to forget,
Hence ſtyl'd The Scudamorian Plant, whoſe wine
Whoever taſtes let him with grateful heart
Reſpect that ancient loyal houſe, and wiſh
The nobler peer, that now tranſcends our hopes
In early worth, his country's juſteſt pride,
Uninterrupted joy and health entire.
Let ev'ry tree in ev'ry garden own
The redſtreak as ſupreme, whoſe pulpous fruit,
With gold irradiate and vermilion, ſhines
Tempting, not fatal, as the birth of that
Primeval interdicted plant that won

Fond Eve in hapleſs hour to taſte and die.
This, of more bounteous influence, inſpires
Poetick raptures, and the lowly Muſe
Kindles to loftier ſtrains; ev'n I perceive
Her ſacred virtue. See! the numbers flow
Eaſy whilſt cheer'd with her nectareous juice
Her's and my country's praiſes I exalt.
Hail Herefordian Plant! that doſt diſdain
All other fields: Heav'n's ſweeteſt bleſſing hail!
Be thou the copious matter of my ſong
And thy choice nectar, on which always waits
Laughter and ſport, and care-beguiling wit,
And friendſhip, chief delight of human life.
What ſhould we wiſh for more? or why in queſt
Of foreign vintage, inſincere and mixt,
Traverſe th' extremeſt world? why tempt the rage
Of the rough ocean, when our native glebe
Imparts, from bounteous womb, annual recruits
Of wine delectable, that far ſurmounts
Gallick or Latin grapes, or thoſe that ſee
The ſetting ſun near Calpe's tow'ring height?
Nor let the Rhodian nor the Leſbian vines
Vaunt their rich muſt, nor let tokay contend
For ſov'reignty: Phanæus' ſelf muſt bow
To th'Ariconian vales. And ſhall we doubt
T' improve our vegetable wealth, or let
The ſoil lie idle, which with fit manure
Will largeſt uſury repay, alone

Empower'd to ſupply what Nature aſks
Frugal, or what nice appetite requires?
The meadows here, with batt'ning ooze enrich'd,
Give ſpirit to the graſs; three cubits high
The jointed herbage ſhoots; th' unfallow'd glebe
Yearly o'ercomes the granaries with ſtore
Of golden wheat, the ſtrength of human life:
Lo! on auxiliary poles the hops
Aſcending ſpiral, rang'd in meet array:
Lo! how the arable with barley-grain
Stands thick, o'erſhadow'd, to the thirſty hind!
Tranſporting proſpect. Theſe, as modern uſe
Ordains, infus'd an auburn drink compoſe
Wholeſome, of deathleſs fame. Here to the ſight
Apples of price and plenteous ſheaves of corn
Oft' interlac'd occur, and both imbibe
Fitting congenial juice; ſo rich the ſoil,
So much does fructuous moiſture o'erabound!
Nor are the hills unamiable, whoſe tops
To heav'n aſpire, affording proſpect ſweet
To human ken; nor at their feet the vales
Deſcending gently, where the lowing herd
Chew verd'rous paſture; nor the yellow fields
Gayly interchang'd, with rich variety
Pleaſing; as when an em'rald green, enchas'd
In flamy gold, from the bright maſs acquires
A nobler hue, more delicate to ſight.
Next add the ſylvan ſhades and ſilent groves,

(Haunt of the Druids) whence the earth is fed
With copious fuel; whence the sturdy oak,
A prince's refuge once, th' eternal guard
Of England's throne, by sweating peasants fell'd,
Stems the vast main, and bears tremendous war
To distant nations, or with sov'ran sway
Awes the divided world to peace and love.
Why should the Chalybes or Bilboa boast
Their harden'd iron when our mines produce
As perfect martial ore? Can Tmolus' head
Vie with our saffron odours? or the fleece
Bætick or finest Tarentine compare
With Le'm'ster's silken wool? Where shall we find
Men more undaunted, for their country's weal
More prodigal of life? in ancient days
The Roman legions and great Cæsar found
Our fathers no mean foes, and Cressy plains
And Agincourt, deep ting'd with blood, confess
What the Silures' vigour unwithstood
Could do in rigid fight; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide-wasting hand, first garter'd knight,
Puissant author of great Chandos' stem,
High Chandos! that transmits paternal worth,
Prudence, and ancient prowess and renown,
T' his noble offspring. O thrice happy Peer!
That blest with hoary vigour view'st thyself
Fresh blooming in thy gen'rous son, whose lips
Flowing with nervous eloquence exact

Charm the wiſe Senate, and attention win
In deepeſt councils. Ariconium pleas'd
Him as her choſen worthy firſt ſalutes;
Him on th' Iberian on the Gallick ſhore
Him hardy Britons bleſs; his faithful hand
Conveys new courage from afar, nor more
The gen'ral's conduct than his care avails.
  Thee alſo glorious branch of Cecil's line
This country claims; with pride and joy to thee
Thy Alterennis calls; yet ſhe endures
Patient thy abſence, ſince thy prudent choice
Has fix'd thee in the Muſes' faireſt ſeat*
Where Aldrich † reigns, and from his endleſs ſtore
Of univerſal knowledge ſtill ſupplies
His noble care: he gen'rous thoughts inſtils
Of true nobility, their country's love,
(Chief end of life) and forms their ductile minds
To human virtues: by his Genius led
Thou ſoon in ev'ry art preeminent
Shalt grace this iſle, and riſe to Burleigh's fame.
  Hail highborn Peer! and thou great nurſe of arts
And men from whence conſpicuous patriots ſpring,
Hanmer and Bromley! thou to whom with due
Reſpect Wintonia bows, and joyful owns
Thy mitred offspring; be for ever bleſt
With like examples, and to future times

* Oxford.
† Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Chriſt-church.

Proficuous, fuch a race of men produce
As in the caufe of Virtue firm may fix
Her throne inviolate. Hear ye Gods! this vow
From one the meaneft in her num'rous train;
Tho' meaneft not leaft ftudious of her praife.
Mufe! raife thy voice to Beaufort's fpotlefs fame,
To Beaufort! in a long defcent deriv'd
From royal anceftry, of kingly rights
Faithful afferters: in him cent'ring meet
Their glorious virtues, high defert from pride
Disjoin'd, unfhaken honour, and contempt
Of ftrong allurements. O illuftrious Prince!
O thou of ancient faith! exulting thee
In her fair lift this happy land enrols.
Who can refufe a tributary verfe
To Weymouth, firmeft friend of flighted worth
In evil days? whofe hofpitable gate,
Unbarr'd to all, invites a num'rous train
Of daily guefts, whofe board with plenty crown'd
Revives the feaftrites old; mean-while his care
Forgets not the afflicted, but content
In acts of fecret goodnefs fhuns the praife
That fure attends. Permit me, bounteous Lord!
To blazon what tho' hid will beauteous fhine,
And with thy name to dignify my fong.
But who is he that on the winding ftream
Of Vaga firft drew vital breath, and now
Approv'd in Anna's fecret councils fits,

Weighing the ſum of things, with wiſe forecaſt
Solicitous of publick good? How large
His mind, that comprehends whate'er was known
To old or preſent time! yet not elate,
Not conſcious of its ſkill. What praiſe deſerves
His lib'ral hand that gathers but to give,
Preventing ſuit? O not unthankful Muſe
Him lowly rev'rence that firſt deign'd to hear
Thy pipe, and ſkreen'd thee from opprobrious tongue,
Acknowledge thy own Harley, and his name
Inſcribe on ev'ry bark; the wounded plants
Will faſt increaſe, faſter thy juſt reſpect.
Such are our heroes, by their virtues known
Or ſkill in peace and war. Of ſofter mould
The female ſex with ſweet attractive airs
Subdue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft'
That view their matchleſs forms with tranſient glance
Catch ſudden love, and ſigh for nymphs unknown,
Smit with the magick of their eyes. Nor hath
The dædal hand of Nature only pour'd
Her gifts of outward grace; their innocence
Unfeign'd, and virtue moſt engaging, free
From pride or artifice, long joys afford
To th' honeſt nuptial bed, and in the wane
Of life rebate the miſeries of age.
And is there found a wretch ſo baſe of mind
That woman's pow'rful beauty dares condemn,

Exacteft work of Heav'n? he ill deferves
Or love or pity; friendlefs let him fee
Uneafy tedious days, defpis'd, forlorn,
As ftain of human race; but may the man
That cheerfully recounts the female's praife
Find equal love, and love's untainted fweets
Enjoy with honour! O ye Gods! might I
Elect my fate, my happieft choice fhould be
A fair and modeft virgin, that invites
With afpect chafte forbidding loofe defire,
Tenderly fmiling, in whofe heav'nly eye
Sits pureft Love enthron'd; but if the ftars
Malignant thefe my better hopes oppofe,
May I at leaft the facred pleafures know
Of ftricteft amity, nor ever want
A friend with whom I mutually may fhare
Gladnefs and anguifh by kind intercourfe
Of fpeech and offices! may in my mind
Indelible a grateful fenfe remain
Of favours undeferv'd!—O thou! from whom
Gladly both rich and low feek aid, moft wife
Interpreter of right, whofe gracious voice
Breathes equity, and curbs too rigid law
With mild impartial reafon, what returns
Of thanks are due to thy beneficence
Freely vouchfaf'd when to the gates of Death
I tended prone? if thy indulgent care

Had not preven'd among unbody'd ſhades
I now had wander'd, and theſe empty thoughts
Of Apples periſh'd; but uprais'd by thee
I tune my pipe afreſh, each night and day
Thy unexampled goodneſs to extol
Deſirous: but nor night nor day ſuffice
For that great taſk; the highly honour'd name
Of Trevor muſt employ my willing thoughts
Inceſſant, dwell for ever on my tongue.
Let me be grateful; but let far from me
Be fawning cringe, and falſe-diſſembling look,
And ſervile flattery, that harbours oft'
In courts and gilded roofs. Some looſe the bands
Of ancient friendſhip, cancel Nature's laws,
For pageantry and tawdry gewgaws: ſome
Renounce their ſires, oppoſe paternal right
For rule and pow'r, and others' realms invade
With ſpecious ſhews of love: this trait'rous wretch
Betrays his ſov'reign. Others, deſtitute
Of real zeal, to ev'ry altar bend,
By lucre ſway'd, and act the baſeſt things
To be ſtyl'd Honourable. The honeſt man,
Simple of heart, prefers inglorious want
To ill-got wealth: rather from door to door
A jocund pilgrim tho' diſtreſs'd he 'll rove
Than break his plighted faith: nor fear nor hope
Will ſhock his ſtedfaſt ſoul: rather debarr'd

Each common privilege, cut off from hopes
Of meaneſt gain, of preſent goods deſpoil'd,
He 'll bear the marks of infamy contemn'd,
Unpity'd; yet his mind of evil pure
Supports him, and intention free from fraud.
If no retinue with obſervant eyes
Attend him, if he cann't with purple ſtain
Of cumbrous veſtments labour'd o'er with gold
Dazzle the crowd and ſet them all agape,
Yet clad in homely weeds from Envy's darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly pangs
Of conſcience, nor of ſpectres' griſly forms,
Demons and injur'd ſouls, at cloſe of day
Annoy'd, ſad interrupted ſlumbers finds;
But (as a child whoſe inexperienc'd age
Nor evil purpoſe fears nor knows) enjoys
Night's ſweet refreſhment, humid ſleep ſincere.
When Chanticleer with clarion ſhrill recalls
The tardy day he to his labours hies
Gladſome, intent on ſomewhat that may eaſe
Unhealthy mortals, and with curious ſearch
Examines all the properties of herbs,
Foſſils, and minerals, that th'embowell'd earth
Diſplays, if by his induſtry he can
Benefit human race; or elſe his thoughts
Are exercis'd with ſpeculations deep
Of good, and juſt, and meet, and the wholeſome rules

Of temperance, and aught that may improve
The moral life; not sedulous to rail,
Nor with envenom'd tongue to blast the fame
Of harmless men, or secret whispers spread
'Mong faithful friends, to breed distrust and hate:
Studious of virtue he no life observes
Except his own; his own employs his cares,
Large subject; that he labours to refine
Daily, nor of his little stock denies
Fit alms to Lazars, merciful and meek.
Thus sacred Virgil liv'd from courtly vice
And baits of pompous Rome secure, at court
Still thoughtful of the rural honest life,
And how t' improve his grounds and how himself:
Best Poet! fit exemplar for the tribe
Of Phœbus, nor less fit Mæonides,
Poor eyeless pilgrim! and if after these,
If after these another I may name,
Thus tender Spenser liv'd, with mean repast
Content, deprest by penury and pine
In foreign realm, yet not debas'd his verse
By Fortune's frowns. And had that other bard*,
Oh! had but he that first ennobled song
With holy rapture, like his Abdiel been,
'Mong many faithless strictly faithful found,
Unpity'd he shou'd not have wail'd his orbs,

* Milton.

That roll'd in vain to find the piercing ray,
And found no dawn, by dim ſuffuſion veil'd.
But he—However let the Muſe abſtain,
Nor blaſt his fame from whom ſhe learnt to ſing
In much inferiour ſtrains, grov'lling beneath
Th' Olympian hill, on plains and vales intent,
Mean follower! There let her reſt a while,
Pleas'd with the fragrant walks and cool retreat.

CIDER.

BOOK II.

O Harcourt! whom th' ingenious love of arts
Has carry'd from thy native ſoil beyond
Th' eternal Alpine ſnows, and now detains
In Italy's waſte realms, how long muſt we
Lament thy abſence? whilſt in ſweet ſojourn
Thou view'ſt the relicks of old Rome, or what
Unrivall'd authors by their preſence made
For ever venerable, rural ſeats,
Tibur and Tuſculum, or Virgil's urn,
Green with immortal bays, which haply thou,
Reſpecting his great name, doſt now approach
With bended knee, and ſtrow with purple flow'rs,
Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook
This long delay. At length, dear Youth! return,
Of wit and judgment ripe in blooming years,
And Britain's iſle with Latian knowledge grace;
Return, and let thy father's worth excite
Thirſt of preeminence. See how the cauſe
Of widows and of orphans he aſſerts
With winning rhet'rick and wellargu'd law!
Mark well his footſteps, and like him deſerve
Thy prince's favour and thy country's love.
  Mean-while, altho' the Maſſick grape delights,
Pregnant of racy juice, and Formian hills

Temper thy cups, yet wilt not thou reject
Thy native liquors : lo! for thee my mill
Now grinds choice Apples, and the British vats
O'erflow with gen'rous Cider. Far remote
Accept this labour, nor despise the Muse
That passing lands and seas on thee attends.
   Thus far of Trees; the pleasing task remains
To sing of Wines and autumn's blest increase.
Th' effects of art are shewn, yet what avails
'Gainst Heav'n? oft' notwithstanding all thy care
To help thy plants, when the small fruit'ry seems
Exempt from ills, an oriental blast
Disastrous flies, soon as the hind fatigu'd
Unyokes his team; the tender freight, unskill'd
To bear the hot disease, distemper'd pines
In the year's prime; the deadly plague annoys
The wide enclosure : think not vainly now
To treat thy neighbours with mellifluous cups,
Thus disappointed : if the former years
Exhibit no supplies, alas! thou must
With tasteless water wash thy droughty throat.
   A thousand accidents the farmer's hopes
Subvert or check : uncertain all his toil
Till lusty Autumn's lukewarm days, allay'd
With gentle colds, insensibly confirm
His ripening labours. Autumn to the fruits
Earth's various lap produces vigour gives

Equal, inteneratíng milky grain,
Berries, and ſkydy'd plums, and what in coat
Rough, or ſoft rind, or bearded huſk, or ſhell,
Fat olives, and piſtachio's fragrant nut,
And the pine's taſteful apple: autumn paints
Auſonian hills with grapes, whilſt Engliſh plains
Bluſh with pomaceous harveſts breathing ſweets.
O let me now when the kind early dew
Unlocks th' emboſom'd odours walk among
The wellrang'd files of trees, whoſe fullag'd ſtore
Diffuſe ambroſial ſteams than myrrh or nard
More grateful or perfuming flow'ry bean!
Soft whiſp'ring airs and the lark's mattin ſong
Then woo to muſing, and becalm the mind
Perplex'd with irkſome thoughts. Thrice happy time,
Beſt portion of the various year, in which
Nature rejoiceth, ſmiling on her works
Lovely, to full perfection wrought! But ah!
Short are our joys, and neighb'ring griefs diſturb
Our pleaſant hours! inclement Winter dwells
Contiguous; forthwith froſty blaſts deface
The blitheſome year; trees of their ſhrivell'd fruits
Are widow'd, dreary ſtorms o'er all prevail!
Now, now is the time, ere haſty ſuns forbid
To work, diſburden thou thy ſapleſs wood
Of its rich progeny: the turgid fruit
Abounds with mellow liquor; now exhort
Thy hinds to exerciſe the pointed ſteel

On the hard rock, and give a wheely form
To the expected grinder; now prepare
Materials for thy mill, a fturdy poft
Cylindrick, to fupport the grinder's weight
Exceffive, and a flexile fallow entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy hord.
Nor muft thou not be mindful of thy prefs,
Long ere the vintage, but with timely care
Shave the goat's fhaggy beard, left thou too late
In vain fhouldft feek a ftrainer to difpart
The hufky terrene dregs from purer muft.
Be cautious next a proper fteed to find
Whofe prime is paft; the vig'rous horfe difdains
Such fervile labours, or if forc'd forgets
His paft achievements and victorious palms:
Blind Bayard rather, worn with work and years,
Shall roll th' unwieldy ftone; with fober pace
He 'll tread the circling path till dewy eve
From early dayfpring, pleas'd to find his age
Declining not unufeful to his lord.
 Some when the prefs by utmoft vigour fcrew'd
Has drain'd the pulpous mafs regale their fwine
With the dry refufe; thou, more wife, fhalt fteep
Thy hufks in water, and again employ
The pond'rous engine. Water will imbibe
The fmall remains of fpirit, and acquire
A vinous flavour; this the peafants blithe
Will quaff, and whiftle as thy tinkling team

They drive, and ſing of Fuſca's radiant eyes,
Pleas'd with the medley draught. Nor ſhalt thou now
Reject the Applecheeſe, tho' quite exhauſt;
Ev'n now it will cheriſh and improve the roots
Of ſickly plants; new vigour hence convey'd
Will yield an harveſt of unuſual growth.
Such profit ſprings from huſks diſcreetly us'd!
  The tender Apples from their parents rent
By ſtormy ſhocks muſt not neglected lie
The prey of worms. A frugal man I knew,
Rich in one barren acre, which ſubdu'd
By endleſs culture with ſufficient muſt,
His caſks repleniſh'd yearly: he no more
Deſir'd nor wanted, diligent to learn
The various ſeaſons, and by ſkill repel
Invading peſts, ſucceſsful in his cares,
Till the damp Libyan wind, with tempeſts arm'd
Outrageous, bluſter'd horrible amidſt
His Cider grove; o'erturn'd by furious blaſts
The ſightly ranks fall proſtrate, and around
Their fruitage ſcatter'd, from the genial boughs
Stripp'd immature: yet did he not repine
Nor curſe his ſtars, but prudent his fall'n heaps
Collecting cheriſh'd with the tepid wreaths
Of tedded graſs and the ſun's mellowing beams
Rivall'd with artful heats, and thence procur'd
A coſtly liquor, by improving time
Equall'd with what the happieſt vintage bears.

But this I warn thee, and ſhall always warn,
No heterogeneous mixtures uſe, as ſome
With wat'ry turnips have debas'd their wines,
Too frugal; nor let the crude humours dance
In heated braſs, ſteaming with fire intenſe,
Altho' Devonia much commends the uſe
Of ſtrength'ning Vulcan: with their native ſtrength
Thy wines ſufficient other aid refuſe,
And when th' allotted orb of time is complete
Are more commended than the labour'd drinks.
Nor let thy avarice tempt thee to withdraw
The prieſt's appointed ſhare; with cheerful heart
The tenth of thy increaſe beſtow, and own
Heav'n's bounteous goodneſs; that will ſure repay
Thy grateful duty. This neglected fear
Signal avengeance, ſuch as overtook
A miſer that unjuſtly once withheld
The clergy's due: relying on himſelf
His fields he tended with ſucceſsleſs care
Early and late, when or unwiſh'd-for rain
Deſcended or unſeaſonable froſts
Curb'd his increaſing hopes, or when around
The clouds dropp'd fatneſs in the middle ſky
The dew ſuſpended ſtaid, and left unmoiſt
His execrable glebe. Recording this
Be juſt and wiſe, and tremble to tranſgreſs.
Learn now the promiſe of the coming year
To know, that by no flatt'ring ſigns abus'd

Thou wiſely may'ſt provide. The various moon
Prophetick and attendant ſtars explain
Each riſing dawn: ere icy cruſts ſurmount
The current ſtream the heav'nly orbs ſerene
Twinkle with trembling rays, and Cynthia glows
With light unſully'd: now the fowler, warn'd
By theſe good omens, with ſwift early ſteps
Treads the crimp earth, ranging thro' fields and glades
Offenſive to the birds: ſulphureous death
Checks their mid flight, and heedleſs while they ſtrain
Their tuneful throats the tow'ring heavy lead
O'ertakes their ſpeed: they leave their little lives
Above the clouds, precipitant to earth.
 The woodcock's early viſit and abode
Of long continuance in our temp'rate clime
Foretell a lib'ral harveſt. He, of times
Intelligent, the harſh Hyperborean ice
Shuns for our equal winters: when our ſuns
Cleave the chill'd ſoil he backward wings his way
To Scandinavian frozen ſummers, meet
For his numb'd blood. But nothing profits more
Than frequent ſnows: O may'ſt thou often ſee
Thy furrows whiten'd by the woolly rain
Nutritious! ſecret nitre lurks within
The porous wet, quick'ning the languid glebe.
 Sometimes thou ſhalt with fervent vows implore
A mod'rate wind: the Orchat loves to wave
With winter wind before the gems exert

Their feeble heads: the loofen'd roots then drink
Large increment, earneft of happy years.
Nor will it nothing profit to obferve
The monthly ftars, their pow'rful influence
O'er planted fields, what vegetables reign
Under each fign. On our account has Jove
Indulgent to all moons fome fucculent plant
Allotted, that poor helplefs man might flake
His prefent thirft, and matter find for toil.
Now will the currants, now the rafps, fupply
Delicious draughts; the quinces now, or plums
Or cherries, or the fair Thifbein fruit,
Are prefs'd to wines: the Britons fqueeze the works
Of fed'lous bees, and mixing odorus herbs
Prepare balfamick cups, to wheezing lungs
Medicinal and fhort-breath'd ancient fires.
But if thou 'rt indefatigably bent
To toil, and omnifarious drinks wouldft brew,
Befides the Orchat ev'ry hedge and bufh
Affords affiftance; ev'n afflictive birch,
Curs'd by unletter'd idle youth, diftils
A limpid current from her wounded bark
Profufe of nurfing fap. When folar beams
Parch thirfty human veins the damafk'd meads
Unforc'd difplay ten thoufand painted flow'rs
Ufeful in potables. Thy little fons
Permit to range the paftures; gladly they
Will mow the cowflip pofies faintly fweet,

From whence thou artificial wines shalt drain
Of icy taste, that in mid fervours best
Slake craving thirst and mitigate the day.
Happy Ierne *! whose most wholesome air
Poisons envenom'd spiders, and forbids
The baleful toad and viper from her shore,
More happy in her balmy draughts, (enrich'd
With miscellaneous spices, and the root
For thirst-abating sweetness prais'd) which wide
Extend her fame, and to each drooping heart
Present redress and lively he[illegible]
See how the Belgæ, sedul[illegible]
With bowls of fatt'ning mu[illegible]ful cups
Of kernel-relish'd fluids the fair star
Of early Phosphorus salute, at noon
Jocund with frequent rising fumes! by use
Instructed thus to quell their native phlegm
Prevailing, and engender wayward mirth.
What need to treat of distant climes, remov'd
Far from the sloping journey of the year,
Beyond Petsora and Islandick coasts,
Where everduring snows, perpetual shades
Of darkness, would congeal their livid blood,
Did not the Arctick track spontaneous yield
A cheering purple berry big with wine
Intensely fervent, which each hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming pile of pines? and oft'

* Ireland.

They interlard their native drinks with choice
Of ſtrongeſt brandy, yet ſcarce with theſe aids
Enabled to prevent the ſudden rot
Of freezing noſe and quick-decaying feet.
   Nor leſs the ſable borderers of Nile,
Nor who Taprobane manure, nor they
Whom ſunny Borneo bears, are ſtor'd with ſtreams
Egregious, rum and rice's ſpirit extract:
For here expos'd to perpendicular rays
In vain they covet ſhades and Thraſcia's gales,
Fainting with equinoctial heat, unleſs
The cordial glaſs perpetual motion keep
Quick circuiting: nor dare they cloſe their eyes
Void of a bulky charger near their lips,
With which in often interrupted ſleep
Their frying blood compels to irrigate
Their dry-furr'd tongues, elſe minutely to death
Obnoxious, diſmal death! th' effect of drought.
   More happy they born in Columbus' world,
Carybbes, and they whom the cotton plant
With downy-ſprouting veſts arrays: their woods
Bow with prodigious nuts that give at once
Celeſtial food and nectar; then at hand
The lemon, uncorrupt with voyage long,
To vinous ſpirits added, (heav'nly drink!)
They with pneumatick engine ceaſeleſs draw,
Intent on laughter: a continual tide
Flows from th' exhilarating fount. As when

Againſt a ſecret cliff with ſudden ſhock
A ſhip is daſh'd, and leaking drinks the ſea,
Th' aſtoniſh'd mariners aye ply the pump,
Nor ſtay nor reſt till the wide breach is clos'd;
So they (but cheerful) unfatigu'd ſtill move
The draining ſucker, then alone concern'd
When the dry bowl forbids their pleaſing work.
But if to hoarding thou art bent, thy hopes
Are fruſtrate ſhouldſt thou think thy pipes will flow
With early limpid wine. The hoarded ſtore
And the harſh draught muſt twice endure the ſun's
Kind ſtrength'ning heat, twice winter's purging cold.
There are that a compounded fluid drain
From diff'rent mixtures, woodcock, pippin, moyle,
Rough eleot, ſweet pearmain: the blended ſtreams
(Each mutually correcting each) create
A pleaſurable medley, of what taſte
Hardly diſtinguiſh'd; as the ſhow'ry arch
With liſted colours gay, or, azure, gules,
Delights and puzzles the beholder's eye
That views the wat'ry braid with thouſand ſhews
Of painture vary'd, yet is unſkill'd to tell
Or where one colour riſes or one faints.
Some Ciders have by art or age unlearn'd
Their genuine reliſh, and of ſundry vines
Aſſum'd the flavour: one ſort counterfeits
The Spaniſh product; this to Gaul has ſeem'd
The ſparkling nectar of Champaign; with that

A German oft' has fwill'd his throat, and fworn
Deluded that imperial Rhine beftow'd
The gen'rous rummer, whilft the owner pleas'd
Laughs inly at his guefts thus entertain'd
With foreign vintage from his Cider cafk.
   Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells
Of clofe-preft hufks is freed thou muft refrain
Thy thirfty foul; let none perfuade to broach
Thy thick unwholefome undigefted cades;
The hoary frofts and northern blafts take care
Thy muddy bev'rage to ferene; and drive
Precipitant the bafer ropy lees.
   And now thy wine is tranfpicuous, purg'd from all
Its earthy grofs, yet let it feed a while
On the fat refufe, left too foon disjoin'd
From fprightly it to fharp or vapid change.
When to convenient vigour it attains
Suffice it to provide a brazen tube
Inflext; felftaught and voluntary flies
The defecated liquor, thro' the vent
Afcending, then by downward track convey'd
Spouts into fubject veffels lovely clear;
As when a-noontide fun with fummer beams
Darts thro' a cloud her wat'ry fkirts are edg'd
With lucid amber or undroffy gold,
So and fo richly the purg'd liquid fhines.
   Now alfo when the colds abate nor yet
Full fummer fhines, a dubious feafon, clofe

In glaſs thy purer ſtreams, and let them gain
From due confinement ſp'rit and flavour new.
For this intent the ſubtle chymiſt feeds
Perpetual flames, whoſe unreſiſted force
O'er ſand and aſhes and the ſtubborn flint
Prevailing, turns into a fuſil ſea
That in his furnace bubbles ſunny-red;
From hence a glowing drop with hollow'd ſteel
He takes, and by one efficacious breath
Dilates to a ſurpriſing cube, or ſphere
Or oval, and fit receptacles forms
For ev'ry liquid with his plaſtick lungs,
To human life ſubſervient: by his means
Ciders in metal frail improve; the moyle
And taſteful pippin in a moon's ſhort year
Acquire complete perfection: now they ſmoke
Tranſparent, ſparkling in each drop, delight
Of curious palate, by fair virgins crav'd.
But harſher fluids diff'rent lengths of time
Expect: thy flaſk will ſlowly mitigate
The eleot's roughneſs: ſtirom, firmeſt fruit,
Embottled long as Priameian Troy
Withſtood the Greeks endures ere juſtly mild:
Soften'd by age it youthful vigour gains,
Fallacious drink! Ye honeſt Men! beware,
Nor truſt its ſmoothneſs; the third circling glaſs
Suffices virtue: but may hypocrites,
(That ſlyly ſpeak one thing another think,

Hateful as hell) pleas'd with the reliſh weak
Drink on unwarn'd, till by enchanting cups
Infatuate they their wily thoughts diſcloſe,
And thro' intemp'rance grow a while ſincere!
The farmer's toil is done; his cades mature
Now call for vent; his lands exhauſt permit
T' indulge a while. Now ſolemn rites he pays
To Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth.
His honeſt friends at thirſty hour of duſk
Come uninvited; he with bounteous hand
Imparts his ſmoking vintage, ſweet reward
Of his own induſtry; the wellfraught bowl
Circles inceſſant, whilſt the humble cell
With quav'ring laugh and rural jeſts reſounds.
Eaſe and content, and undiſſembled love,
Shine in each face; the thoughts of labour paſt
Increaſe their joy: as from retentive cage
When ſullen Philomel eſcapes her notes
She varies, and of paſt impriſonment
Sweetly complains, her liberty retriev'd
Cheers her ſad ſoul, improves her pleaſing ſong:
Gladſome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds
Of healthy temp'rance, nor encroach on night,
Seaſon of reſt, but wellbedew'd repair
Each to his home with unſupplanted feet:
Ere heav'n is emblazon'd by the roſy dawn
Domeſtick cares awake them; briſk they riſe,
Refreſh'd, and lively with the joys that flow

From amicable talk and mod'rate cups
Sweetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds
Preſent redreſs, and long oblivion drinks
Of coy Lucinda. Give the debtor wine;
His joys are ſhort and few; yet when he drinks
His dread retires; the flowing glaſſes add
Courage and mirth; magnificent in thought
Imaginary riches he enjoys,
And in the jail expatiates unconfin'd.
Nor can the poet Bacchus' praiſe indite
Debarr'd his grape. The Muſes ſtill require
Humid regalement, nor will aught avail
Imploring Phœbus with unmoiſten'd lips.
Thus to the gen'rous bottle all incline,
By parching thirſt allur'd. With vehement ſuns
When duſty ſummer bakes the crumbling clods
How pleaſant is it beneath the twiſted arch
Of a retreating bow'r in mid-day's reign
To ply the ſweet carouſe, remote from noiſe,
Secur'd of fev'riſh heats! When th' aged year
Inclines and Boreas' ſpirit bluſters frore
Beware th' inclement heav'ns; now let thy hearth
Crackle with juiceleſs boughs; thy ling'ring blood
Now inſtigate with th' Apple's pow'rful ſtreams.
Perpetual ſhow'rs and ſtormy guſts confine
The willing ploughman, and December warns
To annual jollities; now ſportive youth
Carol incondite rhythms with ſuiting notes,

And quaver unharmonious; ſturdy ſwains
In clean array for ruſtick dance prepare,
Mixt with the buxom damſels; hand in hand
They friſk and bound, and various mazes weave,
Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mien
Tranſported, and ſometimes an oblique leer
Dart on their loves, ſometimes an haſty kiſs
Steal from unwary laſſes; they with ſcorn
And neck reclin'd reſent the raviſh'd bliſs:
Mean-while blind Britiſh bards with volant touch
Traverſe loquacious ſtrings, whoſe ſolemn notes
Provoke to harmleſs revels; theſe among
A ſubtle artiſt ſtands; in wondrous bag
That bears impriſon'd winds (of gentler ſort
Than thoſe which erſt Laertes' ſon encloſ'd)
Peaceful they ſleep; but let the tuneful ſqueeze
Of lab'ring elbow rouſe them, out they fly
Melodious, and with ſprightly accents charm.
'Midſt theſe diſports forget they not to drench
Themſelves with bellying goblets; nor when ſpring
Returns can they refuſe to uſher in
The freſhborn year with loud acclaim and ſtore
Of jovial draughts, now when the ſappy boughs
Attire themſelves with blooms, ſweet rudiments
Of future harveſt. When the Gnoſſian Crown
Leads on expected autumn, and the trees
Diſcharge their mellow burdens, let them thank
Boon Nature, that thus annually ſupplies

Their vaults, and with her former liquid gifts
Exhilarates their languid minds, within
The golden mean confin'd; beyond there is naught
Of health or pleaſure: therefore when thy heart
Dilates with fervent joys, and eager ſoul
Prompts to purſue the ſparkling glaſs, be ſure
'Tis time to ſhun it: if thou wilt prolong
Dire compotation, forthwith reaſon quits
Her empire to confuſion, and miſrule,
And vain debates; then twenty tongues at once
Conſpire in ſenſeleſs jargon; naught is heard
But din, and various clamour, and mad rant:
Diſtruſt and jealouſy to theſe ſucceed,
And anger-kindling taunt, the certain bane
Of wellknit fellowſhip. Now horrid frays
Commence; the brimming glaſſes now are hurl'd
With dire intent; bottles with bottles claſh
In rude encounter; round their temples fly
The ſharp-edg'd fragments; down their batter'd cheeks
Mixt gore and Cider flow. What ſhall we ſay
Of raſh Elpenor, who in evil hour
Dry'd an immeaſurable bowl, and thought
T' exhale his ſurfeit by irriguous ſleep,
Imprudent? him death's iron ſleep oppreſt
Deſcending careleſs from his couch; the fall
Luxt his neck-joint and ſpinal marrow bruis'd.
Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend
The turb'lent mirth of wine, nor all the kinds

Of maladies that lead to Death's grim cave,
Wrought by intemp'rance, joint-racking gout,
Inteſtine ſtone, and pining atrophy,
Chill even when the ſun with July-heats
Fries the ſcorch'd ſoil, and dropſy, all afloat,
Yet craving liquids; nor the Centaurs' tale
Be here repeated, how with luſt and wine
Inflam'd they fought, and ſpilt their drunken ſouls
At feaſting hour. Ye heav'nly Pow'rs that guard
The Britiſh Iſles! ſuch dire events remove
Far from fair Albion, nor let civil broils
Ferment from ſocial cups. May we, remote
From the hoarſe brazen ſound of war, enjoy
Our humid products, and with ſeemly draughts
Enkindle mirth and hoſpitable love!
Too oft' alas! has mutual hatred drench'd
Our ſwords in native blood; too oft' has pride,
And helliſh diſcord, and inſatiate thirſt
Of others' rights, our quiet diſcompos'd.
Have we forgot how fell deſtruction rag'd
Wide-ſpreading when by Eris' torch incens'd
Our fathers warr'd? what heroes ſignaliz'd
For loyalty and prowefs met their fate
Untimely, undeſerv'd! how Bertie fell,
Compton, and Granville, dauntleſs ſons of Mars,
Fit themes of endleſs grief, but that we view
Their virtues yet ſurviving in their race!
Can we forget how the mad, headſtrong rout

Defy'd their prince to arms, nor made account
Of faith or duty, or allegiance ſworn?
Apoſtate, Atheiſt rebels! bent to ill,
With ſeeming ſanctity and cover'd fraud,
Inſtill'd by him who firſt preſum'd t' oppoſe
Omnipotence: alike their crime; th' event
Was not alike: theſe triumph'd, and in height
Of barb'rous malice and inſulting pride
Abſtain'd not from imperial blood. O fact
Unparallel'd! O Charles! O beſt of Kings!
What ſtars their black diſaſtrous influence ſhed
On thy nativity, that thou ſhouldſt fall
Thus by inglorious hands, in this thy realm
Supreme and innocent, adjudg'd to death
By thoſe thy mercy only would have ſav'd!
Yet was the Cider land unſtain'd with guilt;
The Cider land, obſequious ſtill to thrones,
Abhorr'd ſuch baſe diſloyal deeds, and all
Her pruninghooks extended into ſwords,
Undaunted to aſſert the trampled rights
Of Monarchy; but ah! ſucceſsleſs ſhe
However faithful: then was no regard
Of right or wrong; and this once happy land,
By homebred fury rent, long groan'd beneath
Tyrannick ſway, till fair revolving years
Our exil'd Kings and Liberty reſtor'd.
Now we exult, by mighty Anna's care
Secure at home, while ſhe to foreign realms

Sends forth her dreadful legions, and reſtrains
The rage of kings. Here nobly ſhe ſupports
Juſtice oppreſs'd; here her victorious arms
Quell the ambitious: from her hand alone
All Europe fears revenge or hopes redreſs.
Rejoice, O Albion! ſever'd from the world
By Nature's wiſe indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without, in one ſupreme
Entirely bleſt, and from beginning time
Deſign'd thus happy: but the fond deſire
Of rule and grandeur multiply'd a race
Of kings, and num'rous ſceptres introduc'd,
Deſtructive of the publick weal: for now
Each potentate as wary fear or ſtrength,
Or emulation, urg'd his neighbour's bounds
Invades, and ampler territory ſeeks
With ruinous aſſault: on ev'ry plain
Hoſt cop'd with hoſt; dire was the din of war
And ceaſeleſs, or ſhort truce haply procur'd
By havock and diſmay, till jealouſy
Rais'd new combuſtion. Thus was peace in vain
Sought for by martial deeds and conflict ſtern,
Till Edgar grateful (as to thoſe who pine
A diſmal half-year night the orient beam
Of Phœbus' lamp) aroſe, and into one
Cemented all the long-contending pow'rs;
Pacifick Monarch! then her lovely head
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd

The ſpirit of love. At eaſe the bards new ſtrung
Their ſilent harps, and taught the woods and vales
In uncouth rhythms to echo Edgar's name.
Then gladneſs ſmil'd in ev'ry eye, the years
Ran ſmoothly on, productive of a line
Of wiſe heroick kings that by juſt laws
Eſtabliſh'd happineſs at home or cruſh'd
Inſulting enemies in fartheſt climes.
  See lion-hearted Richard with his force
Drawn from the north to Jewry's hallow'd plains!
Piouſly valiant (like a torrent ſwell'd
With wintry tempeſts, that diſdains all mounds,
Breaking a way impetuous, and involves
Within its ſweep trees, houſes, men) he preſs'd
Amidſt the thickeſt battle, and o'erthrew
Whate'er withſtood his zealous rage: no pauſe
No ſtay of ſlaughter found his vig'rous arm,
But th' unbelieving ſquadrons turn'd to flight
Smote in the rear, and with diſhoneſt wounds
Mangled behind. The Soldan as he fled
Oft' call'd on Alla, gnaſhing with deſpite
And ſhame, and murmur'd many an empty curſe.
  Behold Third Edward's ſtreamers blazing high
On Gallia's hoſtile ground! his right withheld
Awakens vengeance. O imprudent Gauls,
Relying on falſe hopes, thus to incenſe
The warlike Engliſh! One important day
Shall teach you meaner thoughts. Eager of fight

Fierce Brutus' offspring to the adverse front
Advance resistless, and their deep array
With furious inroad pierce: the mighty force
Of Edward twice o'erturn'd their desp'rate king,
Twice he arose and join'd the horrid shock:
The third time with his wide-extended wings
He fugitive declin'd superiour strength,
Discomfited: pursu'd, in the sad chase
Ten thousands ignominious fall: with blood
The vallies float. Great Edward thus aveng'd
With golden Iris his broad shield emboss'd.
 Thrice glorious Prince! whom Fame with all her tongues
For ever shall resound. Yet from his loins
New authors of dissension spring: from him
Two branches that in hosting long contend
For sovran sway: (and can such anger dwell
In noblest minds?) But little now avail'd
The ties of friendship: ev'ry man, as led
By inclination or vain hope, repair'd
To either camp, and breath'd immortal hate
And dire revenge. Now horrid slaughter reigns;
Sons against fathers tilt the fatal lance,
Careless of duty, and their native grounds
Distain with kindred blood: the twanging bows
Send show'rs of shafts that on their barbed points
Alternate ruin bear. Here might you see
Barons and peasants on th' embattled field

Slain or half-dead in one huge ghastly heap
Promiscuously amass'd. With dismal groans
And ejulation in the pangs of death
Some call for aid neglected; some o'erturn'd
In the fierce shock lie gasping and expire,
Trampled by fiery coursers. Horrour thus
And wild uproar and desolation reign'd
Unrespited. Ah! who at length will end
This long pernicious fray? what man has Fate
Reserv'd for this great work?—Hail, happy Prince
Of Tudor's race, whom in the womb of Time
Cadwallador foresaw! thou, thou art he,
Great Richmond Henry! that by nuptial rites
Must close the gates of Janus, and remove
Destructive discord. Now no more the drum
Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangour shrill
Affrights the wives or chills the virgin's blood,
But joy and pleasure open to the view
Uninterrupted! With presaging skill
Thou to thy own unitest Fergus' line
By wise alliance. From thee James descends,
Heav'n's chosen fav'rite, first Britannick king:
To him alone hereditary right
Gave pow'r supreme: yet still some seeds remain'd
Of discontent; two nations under one,
In laws and interest diverse, still pursu'd
Peculiar ends, on each side resolute,

To fly conjunction: neither fear nor hope,
Nor the ſweet proſpect of a mutual gain,
Could aught avail till prudent Anna ſaid
Let there be Union; ſtraight with rev'rence due
To her command they willingly unite,
One in affection laws and government,
Indiſſolubly firm, from Dubris ſouth
To northern Orcades her long domain.
And now thus leagu'd by an eternal bond
What ſhall retard the Britons' bold deſigns,
Or who ſuſtain their force, in union knit,
Sufficient to withſtand the pow'rs combin'd
Of all this globe? At this important act
The Mauritanian and Cathaian kings
Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd Turk
Dreads war from utmoſt Thule. Uncontroll'd
The Britiſh navy thro' the ocean vaſt
Shall wave her double Croſs, t' extremeſt climes
Terrifick, and return with od'rous ſpoils
Of Araby wellfraught, or Indus' wealth,
Pearl and barbarick gold: mean-while the ſwains
Shall unmoleſted reap what Plenty ſtrows
From wellſtor'd horn, rich grain and timely fruits.
The elder year Pomona pleas'd ſhall deck
With ruby-tinctur'd births, whoſe liquid ſtore
Abundant flowing in wellblended ſtreams
The natives ſhall applaud, while glad they talk

Of baleful ills caus'd by Bellona's wrath
In other realms. Where'er the Britiſh ſpread
Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd
Diffuſive, to the utmoſt bounds of this
Wide univerſe, Silurian Cider borne
Shall pleaſe all taſtes, and triumph o'er the vine.

ODE

AD HENRICUM ST. JOHN, ARMIG. 1706.

I.

O Qui reciſæ finibus Indicis
Benignus herbæ, das mihi divitem
Haurire ſuccum, et ſauveolentes
Sæpe tubis iterare fumos;

II.

Qui ſolus acri reſpicis aſperum
Siti palatum, proluis et mero,
Dulcem elaborant cui ſaporem
Heſperii pretiumque, ſoles:

III.

Ecquid reponam muneris omnium
Exors bonorum? prome reconditum,
Pimplæa, carmen, deſidéſque
Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

IV.

Ferri ſecundo mens avet impetu,
Quà cygniformes per liquidum æthera,
Te, diva, vim præbente, vates
Explicuit venuſinus alas:

V.

Solers modorum, ſeu puerum trucem,
Cum matre flavâ, ſeu caneret roſas
Et vina, cyrrhæis Hetruſcum
Rite beans equitem ſub antris.

VI.

At non Lyæi vis generoſior
Affluxit illi; ſæpe licet cadum
Jactet Falernum, ſæpe Chiæ
Munera, lætitiamque teſtæ.

VII.

Patronus illi non fuit artium
Celebriorum; ſed nec amantior
Nec charus æquè. O! quæ medullas
Flamma ſubit, tacitoſque ſenſus!

VIII.

Pertentat, ut téque et tua munera
Gratus recordor, mercurialium
Princeps virorum! et ipſe Muſæ
Cultor, et uſque colende Muſis!

IX.

Sed me minantem grandia deficit
Receptus ægrè ſpiritus, ilia
Dum pulſat ima, ac inquietum
Tuſſis agens ſine more pectus.

X.

Altè petito quaſſat anhelitu;
Funeſta planè, ni mihi balſamum
Diſtillet in venas, tuæque
Lenis opem ferat hauſtus uvæ.

XI.

Hanc ſumo, parcis et tibi poculis
Libo ſalutem; quin precor, optima

Ut usque conjux sospitetur,
Perpetuo recreans amore.

XII.

Te consulentem militiæ super
Rebus togatum. Macte! tori decus,
Formosa cui Francisca cessit,
Crine placens, niveoque collo!

XIII.

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
O! O! labellis cui Venus insidet *!
Tu forte felix: me Maria
Macerat (ah miserum!) videndo:

XIV.

Maria, quæ me sidereo tuens
Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
Trajecit, atque excussit omnes
Protinus ex animo puellas.

XV.

Hanc ulla mentis spe mihi mutuæ
Utcunque desit, nocte, die vigil
Suspiro; nec jam vina somnos
Nec revocant, tua dona, fumi.

* There seems to be an errour in all the printed copies. The Author probably wrote

Quam Gratiarum cura decentum
Ornat; labellis cui Venus insidet!

AN ODE

TO HENRY ST. JOHN, ESQ. 1706 *.

I.

O THOU, from India's fruitful ſoil
That doſt that ſov'reign herb † prepare
In whoſe rich fumes I loſe the toil
Of life and ev'ry anxious care,
While from the fragrant lighted bole
I ſuck new life into my ſoul;

II.

Thou, only thou! art kind to view
The parching flames that I ſuſtain,
Which with cool draughts thy caſks ſubdue,
And waſh away the thirſty pain
With wines whoſe ſtrength and taſte we prize,
From Latian ſuns and nearer ſkies:

III.

O! ſay to bleſs thy pious love
What vows what off'rings ſhall I bring?
Since I can ſpare and thou approve
No other gift, O hear me ſing!
In numbers Phœbus does inſpire,
Who ſtrings for thee the charming lyre.

* This piece was tranſlated by the Rev. Thomas Newcomb, M.A. of Corpus Chriſti College, Oxon.

† Tobacco.

IV.

Aloft above the liquid ſky
I ſtretch my wing, and fain would go
Where Rome's ſweet ſwain did whilom fly,
And ſoaring left the clouds below,
The Muſe invoking to endue
With ſtrength his pinions as he flew.

V.

Whether he ſings great Beauty's praiſe,
Love's gentle pain or tender woes,
Or chuſe the ſubject of his lays
The bluſhing grape or blooming roſe,
Or near cool Cyrrha's rocky ſprings
Mæcenas liſtens while he ſings:

VI.

Yet he no nobler draught could boaſt
His Muſe or muſick to inſpire,
Tho' all Falernum's purple coaſt
Flow'd in each glaſs to lend him fire,
And on his tables us'd to ſmile
The vintage of rich Chio's iſle.

VII.

Mæcenas deign'd to hear his ſongs,
His Muſe extoll'd his voice approv'd;
To thee a fairer fame belongs,
At once more pleaſing, more belov'd:
Oh! teach my heart to bound its flame
As I record thy love and fame.

VIII.

Teach me thy paſſion to reſtrain
As I my grateful homage bring,
And laſt in Phœbus' humble train
The firſt and brighteſt genius ſing;
The Muſes' fav'rite pleas'd to live,
Paying them back the fame they give.

IX.

But oh! as greatly I aſpire
To tell my love to ſpeak thy praiſe,
Boaſting no more its ſprightly fire
My boſom heaves my voice decays;
With pain I touch the mournful ſtring,
And pant and languiſh as I ſing.

X.

Faint nature now demands that breath
That feebly ſtrives thy worth to ſing,
And would be huſh'd and loſt in death
Did not thy care kind ſuccours bring.
Thy pitying caſks my ſoul ſuſtain,
And call new life in ev'ry vein.

XI.

The ſober glaſs I now behold,
Thy health with fair Franciſca's join,
Wiſhing her cheeks may long unfold
Such beauties, and be ever thine;
No chance the tender joy remove
While ſhe can pleaſe and thou canſt love.

XII.

Thus while by you the Britiſh arms
Triumphs, and diſtant fame purſue,
The yielding fair reſigns her charms,
And gives you leave to conquer too:
Her ſnowy neck, her breaſt, her eyes,
And all the nymph, becomes your prize.

XIII.

What comely grace, what beauty ſmiles,
Upon her lips what ſweetneſs dwells!
Not Love himſelf ſo oft' beguiles,
Nor Venus' ſelf ſo much excels.
What diff'rent fates our paſſions ſhare
While you enjoy and I deſpair!

XIV.

Maria's * form as I ſurvey
Her ſmiles a thouſand wounds impart,
Each feature ſteals my ſoul away,
Each glance deprives me of my heart,
And chaſing thence each other fair
Leaves her own image only there.

XV.

Altho' my anxious breaſt deſpair,
And ſighing hopes no kind return,
Yet for the lov'd relentleſs fair
By night I wake by day I burn;
Nor can thy gifts ſoft ſleep ſupply,
Or ſooth my pains or cloſe my eye.

* Miſs Meers, daughter of the Princip. of Braz. Noſe Col. Oxon.

CEREALIA*.

AN IMITATION OF MILTON, 1706.

> "Per ambages, Deorumque miniſteria
> "Præcipitandus eſt liber ſpiritus." PETRONIUS.

Of Engliſh tipple and the potent grain
Which in the conclave of celeſtial pow'rs
Bred fell debate ſing Nymph of heav'nly ſtem!
Who on the hoary top of Penmanmaur
Merlin the ſeer didſt viſit, whilſt he ſat
With aſtrolabe prophetick, to foreſee
Young actions iſſuing from the Fates' divan.
Full of thy pow'r, infus'd by nappy Ale,
Darkling he watch'd the planetary orbs
In their obſcure ſojourn o'er heav'n's high cope,
Nor ceas'd till the gray dawn with orient dew
Impearl'd his large muſtaches, deep enſconc'd
Beneath his overſhadowing orb of hat
And ample fence of elephantine noſe,
Scornful of keeneſt polar winds, or ſleet
Or hail ſent rattling down from wintry Jove,

* This poem is taken from a folio copy 1706, communicated from the Lambeth Library by Dr. Ducarel, in which the name of Philips was inſerted in the handwriting of Archbiſhop Tenniſon. It was publiſhed by T. Bennet, the bookſeller for whom Blenheim was printed; a ſtrong preſumptive proof of this being by the ſame author.

(Vain efforts on his ſev'nfold mantle, made
Of Caledonian rug, immortal woof!)
Such energy of ſoul to raiſe the ſong
Deign Goddeſs! now to me; nor then withdraw
Thy ſure preſiding pow'r, but guide my wing,
Which nobly meditates no vulgar flight.
  Now from th' enſanguin'd Iſter's reeking flood,
Tardy with many a corſe of Boian knight
And Gallick deep ingulft, with barbed ſteeds
Promiſcuous, Fame to high Olympus flew,
Sheering th' expanſe of heav'n with active plume;
Nor ſwifter from Plinlimmon's ſteepy top
The ſtanch gerfalcon thro' the buxom air
Stoops on the ſteerage of his wings to truſs
The quarry, hern or mallard, newly ſprung
From creek, whence bright Sabrina bubbling forth
Runs faſt a Nais thro' the flow'ry meads
To ſpread round Uriconium's tow'rs her ſtreams.
Her golden trump the goddeſs ſounded thrice,
Whoſe ſhrilling clang reach'd heav'n's extremeſt
Rous'd at the blaſt the gods with winged ſpeed [ſphere.
To learn the tidings came: on radiant thrones
With fair memorials and impreſſes quaint
Emblazon'd o'er they ſat, deviſ'd of old
By Mulciber, nor ſmall his ſkill I ween.
There ſhe relates what Churchill's arm had wrought
On Blenheim's bloody plain. Up Bacchus roſe,
By his plump cheek and barrel-belly known:

The pliant tendrils of a juicy vine
Around his rofy brow in ringlets curl'd,
And in his hand a bunch of grapes he held,
The enfigns of the god. With ardent tone
He mov'd that ftraight the nectar'd bowl fhould flow,
Devote to Churchill's health, and o'er all heav'n
Uncommon orgies fhould be kept till eve,
Till all were fated with immortal muft,
Delicious tipple! that in heav'nly veins
Affimilated vig'rous ichor bred,
Superiour to Frontiniack, or Bourdeaux
Or old Falern, Campania's beft increafe,
Or the more dulcet juice the happy ifles
From Palma or Forteventura fend.
  Joy flufh'd on ev'ry face, and pleafing glee
Inward affent difcover'd, till uprofe
Ceres not blithe, for marks of latent wo
Dim on her vifage lower'd: fuch her deport
When Arethufa from her reedy bed
Told her how Dis young Proferpine had rap'd
To fway his iron fceptre, and command
In gloom Tartareous half his wide domain:
Then fighing thus fhe faid—"Have I fo long
"Employ'd my various art t' enrich the lap
"Of Earth, allbearing mother, and my lore
"Communicated to th' unweeting hind,
"And fhall not this preeminence obtain?"
Then from beneath her Tyrian vest fhe took

The bearded ears of grain ſhe moſt admir'd,
Which gods call Crithe, in terreſtrial ſpeech
Ycleped Barley. "'Tis to this," ſhe cry'd,
"The Britiſh cohorts owe their martial fame
"And far-redoubted prowefs, matchleſs Youth!
"This when returning from the foughten field
"Or Norick or Iberian ſeam'd with ſcars,
"(Sad ſignatures of many a dreadful gaſh!)
"The veteran carouſing ſoon reſtores
"Puiſſance to his arm, and ſtrings his nerves.
"And as a ſnake when firſt the roſy Hours
"Shed vernal ſweets o'er ev'ry vale and mead
"Rolls tardy from his cell obſcure and dank,
"But when by genial rays of ſummer ſun
"Purg'd of his ſlough he nimbler thrids the brake,
"Whetting his ſting, his creſted head he rears
"Terrifick, from each eye retort he ſhoots
"Enſanguin'd rays, the diſtant ſwains admire
"His various neck and ſpires bedropt with gold;
"So at each glaſs the haraſt warriour feels
"Vigour renate; his horrent arms he takes
"And ruſting falchion, on whoſe ample hilt
"Long Victory ſat dormant; ſoon ſhe ſhakes
"Her drowſy wings, and follows to the war
"With ſpeed ſuccinct, where ſoon his martial port
"She recogniſes, whilſt he haughty ſtands
"On the rough edge of battle, and beſtows
"Wide torment o'er the ſerry'd files, ſo us'd

“ Frequent in bold empriſe, to work ſad rout
“ And havock dire; theſe the bold Briton mows,
“ Dauntleſs as deities exempt from fate,
“ Ardent to deck his brow with mural gold
“ Or civick wreath of oak, the victor's meed.
“ Such is the pow'r of Ale with vines embower'd
“ While dangling bunches court his thirſting lip;
“ Sullen he ſits, and ſighing oft' extols
“ The beverage they quaff whoſe happy ſoil
“ Prolifick Dovus laves, or Trenta's urn
“ Adorns with waving crithe (joyous ſcenes
“ Of vegetable gold!) Secure they dwell,
“ Nor feel th' eternal ſnows that clothe their cliffs,
“ Nor curſe th' inclement air, whoſe horrid face
“ Scowls like that Arctick heav'n that drizzling ſheds
“ Perpetual winter on the frozen ſkirts
“ Of Scandinavia and the Baltick main,
“ Where the young tempeſts firſt are taught to roar.
“ Snug in their ſtrawbuilt huts or darkling earth'd
“ In cavern'd rock they live (ſmall need of art
“ To form ſpruce architrave or cornice quaint
“ On Parian marble, with Corinthian grace
“ Prepar'd)—There on wellfuel'd hearth they chat,
“ Whilſt black pots walk the round with laughing Ale
“ Surcharg'd, or brew'd in planetary hour,
“ When March weigh'd night and day in equal ſcale,
“ Or in October tunn'd, and mellow grown
“ With ſev'n revolving ſuns, the racy juice

"Strong with delicious flavour ſtrikes the ſenſe:
"Nor wants on vaſt circumference of bo[a]rd,
"Of Arthur's imitative, large ſirloin
"Of ox or virgin heifer, wont to browſe
"The meads of Longovicum (fatt'ning ſoil
"Replete with clover graſs and foodful ſhrub:)
"Planted with ſprigs of roſemary it ſtands,
"Meet paragon (as far as great with ſmall
"May correſpond) from ſome Panchæan hill
"Imbrown'd with ſultry ſkies thin ſet with palm
"And olive rarely interſpers'd, whoſe ſhade,
"Skreens hoſpitably from the Tropick Crab
"The quiver'd Arab's vagrant clan, that waits
"Inſidious ſome rich caravan which fares
"To Mecca with barbarick gold full fraught.
"Thus Britain's hardy ſons, of ruſtick mould,
"Patient of arms, ſtill quaſh th' aſpiring Gaul,
"Bleſt by my boon; which when they ſlightly prize
"Should they with high defence of triple braſs
"Wide circling live immur'd, (as erſt was try'd
"By Bacon's charms, on which the ſick'ning moon
"Look'd wan, and cheerleſs mew'd her creſcent horns
"Whilſt Demogorgon heard his ſtern beheſt)
"Thrice the prevailing pow'r of Gallia's arms
"Should there reſiſtleſs ravage, as of old
"Great Pharamond, the founder of her fame,
"Was wont when firſt his marſhall'd peerage paſs'd
"The ſubject Rhine. What tho' Britannia boaſts

“ Herſelf a world, with ocean circumfus'd?
“ 'Tis Ale that warms her ſons t' aſſert her claim,
“ And with full volley makes her naval tubes
“ Thunder diſaſtrous doom t' opponent pow'rs.
“ Nor potent only to enkindle Mars
“ And fire with knightly proweſs recreant ſouls;
“ It ſcience can encourage, and excite
“ The mind to ditties blithe and charming ſong.
“ Thou Pallas! to my ſpeech juſt witneſs bear;
“ How oft' haſt thou thy votaries beheld
“ At crambo merry met, and hymning ſhrill
“ With voice harmonick each, whilſt others friſk
“ In mazy dance, or ceſtrian gambols ſhew,
“ Elate with mighty joy, when to the brim
“ Chritheian nectar crown'd the lordly bowl,
“ (Equal to Neſtor's pond'rous cup, which aſk'd
“ A hero's arm to mount it on the board,
“ Ere he th' embattled Pylians led to quell
“ The pride of Dardan youth in hoſting dire?)
“ Or if with front unbleſt came tow'ring in
“ Proctor armipotent, in ſtern deport
“ Reſembling turban'd Turk, when high he wields
“ His ſcimitar with huge twohanded ſway,
“ Alarm'd with threat'ning accent harſher far
“ Than that illomen'd ſound the bird of night,
“ With beak uncomely bent, from dodder'd oak
“ Screams out, the ſick man's trump of doleful doom,
“ Thy jocund ſons confront the horrid van

"That crowds his gonfalon of ſev'n foot ſize,
"And with their ruby'd faces ſtand the foe,
"Whilſt they of ſober guiſe contrive retreat
"And run with ears erect; as the tall ſtag
"Unharbour'd by the woodman quits his lair,
"And flies the yearning pack which cloſe purſue,
"So they not bowſy dread th' approaching foe;
"They run, they fly, till flying on obſcure,
"Nightfounder'd in town-ditches, ſtagnant gurge,
"Soph rowls on ſoph promiſcuous—Caps aloof
"Quadrate and circular confuſ'dly fly,
"The ſport of fierce Norwegian tempeſts, toſt
"By Thracia's coadjutant and the roar
"Of loud Euroclydon's tumultuous guſts."
She ſaid: the ſire of gods and men ſupreme
With aſpect bland attentive audience gave,
Then nodded awful: from his ſhaken locks
Ambroſial fragrance flew: the ſignal giv'n
By Ganymede the ſkinker ſoon was ken'd;
With Ale he heav'n's capacious goblet crown'd,
To Phrygian mood Apollo tun'd his lyre,
The Muſes ſang alternate, all carous'd,
But Bacchus murm'ring left th'aſſembled pow'rs.

THE FALL OF CHLOE'S JORDAN†.

Of wasteful havock and destructive fate
I sing the tragick scene, a mournful tale!
Yet call no slaught'ring hero to my aid
To strew my bloodless verse with mangled foes,
A torrent spilt but not of human gore,
Ruin deform'd but not of man erect.
O heav'nborn Muse! (for Muse I must invoke
Or mistress fair, for fashion or for need)
Deign to describe the memorable Fall
Of Chloe' Jordan; so by mortals nam'd
The vessel was, howe'er uncouth the sound,
But veil'd by modest maids in gentler terms:
Like Rome the mistress of the world it fell,
From its own greatness only not secure.
Say first what colours stain'd its vaulted sides,
Lest harmless bards mistake th' important truth,
And speak as fancy leads or rhyme directs;
And he that terms it white as silver swans
And spotless innocence, and new-fall'n snow
That spreads its plumes on Atlas' bleaky head,
Shall suffer blemish in the wrong compare.
Another hum'rous sport and jeers its hue
Earthly and coarse, of substance indigest.
How oft' are men by devious errour led
To wander various, wide alike from truth!
A sickly pale languish'd on the inner round,

† This poem is printed as Mr. Philips's in The Poetical Calendar, vol. 4. p. 107.

Such as betrays the want of loveſick maids,
Foe to the roſy cheek and coral lip,
But flies the luſty touch of warmer man,
And beauty reaſſumes its native ſeat.
Smooth were its ſides, but from the bottom roſe
A manly head emboſs'd, for hero meant
No queſtion fam'd for arms and antick ſtem.
Such honours the well-meaning vulgar pay
To fame of gallant men, and waſte their ſkill
On high-hung ſigns and earth of homely hue.
What bluſhes did the virile image coſt
The harmleſs maid! fearful leſt ſo employ'd
The am'rous ſtone ſhould ſoften into life,
As erſt Pygmalion's marble miſtreſs chang'd
Her Parian ſubſtance, by leſs motive ſway'd.
  Without the cerulous dye beſtrew'd the urn,
And on the ſwelling ſurface, Flora's pride,
The lily and the gaudy tulip ſmil'd,
Fed with the briny nectar it contain'd.
One handle held the veſſel, arch'd and ſmooth,
But for its weighty office far unfit:
Here weakneſs lurk'd in comely form diſguis'd,
Hence the ſad ſource and root of all our wo:
Imprudent man too often truſts his fate
To one ſmooth friend, who ſhrinks when nearly try'd.
The unſuſpecting fair one never fail'd
At morn and eve to dew its ſpacious womb,
At morn her firſt at eve her lateſt act.
How often has it flow'd with maiden ſtreams

Fam'd for rare virtues and but ſeldom found?
'Twas with this magick ſtream Diana ſpread
The branchy horns on bold Actæon's brow;
The well e'er ſince a ſecret pow'r retains
On human foreheads antlers to convey.
'Twas now the heavy period fix'd by Fate
Haſten'd apace, with evil miſchief fraught.
'Tis true no comet ſtream'd terrifick blaze,
Nor thundercrack ſiniſtrous roar'd aloud;
Not but a crazy ſound gave certain proof
Of hidden crack foreboding wider wounds,
Yet 'ſcap'd ſuſpicion. Foreſight ever fails
When unavoided ruin is decreed.
The feeble Sun array'd with lifeleſs flames
Inn'd at the bearded Goat, and drove his car
Extinguiſh'd heavy half the tour of heav'n,
And winter keen of breath blew ſhiv'ring cold
Around the globe and hid the voluble ſtreams:
Some to the chimney's warm protection fly,
And fright the ſooty earth with ſooty tale
Of ſprite nocturnal or advent'rous knight;
Some bid defiance to th' inclement air,
Fir'd with the juicy flame of old Falern.
Amidſt a jovial crew fair Chloe quaff'd
With loud carouſe till fated nature crav'd
Timely relax, diſtent with liquid pain.
Alone ſhe lifts the Jordan to her aid,
And ſtraight a hideous din 'gan roar aloud;
Wave daſh'd on wave, deluge on deluge rowl'd,

And curl'd the circling eddy to the brim.
Whole cataracts at once diſcharg'd fell down
With violent guſh, and drove the deep caſcade,
Till weary of its load the lab'ring urn
Flew from its hold: a horrid burſt enſues,
And mangled limbs beſtrew the bruiſed floor:
Not louder roars the three-edg'd bolt of heav'n
When form'd by Vulcan or when thrown by Jove.
Forth from the hideous ſhreds a tepid ſea
Rolls angry foam and ſmokes along the plain:
Part of the ſtream with ſlow and ſilent pace
Sunk unobſerv'd, in narrow crannies loſt,
Part murmurs crowding at the portal wide
Which opes the mazy way that winding leads
To th' ancient race of earth: protected mice,
The race exiguous, uninur'd to wet,
Their manſions quit, and other countries ſeek.
Thus fell the Jordan that had long withſtood,
Firm and reſolv'd, the ſhock of mighty waves,
Which loſt their ſtrength and daſh'd her ſhores in vain,
Till at th' approach of one impetuous tide
Fate took th' occaſion and confirm'd its doom.
So the fam'd Ediſtone near Plymouth Fort
(Sure mark to wand'ring ſhips and loſt at night)
Contemn'd the billows tumbling round its ſides
And mock'd their ſports, till on a fatal night
The wind blew loud, th' enraged ocean roar'd,
And plung'd the Pharos in the vaſt abyſs.

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

I.

COME fill me a glaſs, fill it high;
A bumper a bumper I 'll have:
He 's a fool that will flinch; I 'll not bate an inch
Tho' I drink myſelf into my grave.

II.

Here 's a health to all thoſe jolly ſouls
Who like me will never give o'er,
Whom no danger controls but will take off their bowls,
And merrily ſtickle for more.

III.

Drown Reaſon, and all ſuch weak foes,
I ſcorn to obey her command;
Could ſhe ever ſuppoſe I 'd be led by the noſe
And let my glaſs idly ſtand?

IV.

Reputation 's a bugbear to fools,
A foe to the joys of dear drinking,
Made uſe of by tools who 'd ſet us new rules,
And bring us to politick thinking.

† This Song is printed in the fourth volume of N
Collection, p. 281. and is ſuppoſed to have been wrote
Philips in a ſubjoined note.

V.

all. I 'll have fix in a hand,
trifled an age away;
vain to command; the fleeting fand
lls on, and cannot ftay.

VI.

ome my Lads! move the glafs; drink about;
We 'll drink the univerfe dry;
We 'll fet foot to foot and drink it all out:
If once we grow fober we die.

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THE END.